

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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CHIEF SCOUT OF ALL THE WORLD

FORGOTTEN MAN WHO LEAPS TO FAME SOLDIER WHOSE POETRY CREPT INTO SCOTT

What was His Crowded Hour
of Glorious Life?

COULD HE HAVE SEEN THE
VISION OF THE FLAG?

No literary discovery of recent years has aroused greater interest than that which we announced last week—that for over a century Scott has been credited with the authorship of immortal lines which were really written by Major Thomas Osbert Mordaunt, an unknown man. In a wretchedly weak and artificial poem of 14 verses we find four lines which constitute a gem, and many people have been wondering what can have inspired this obscure soldier to his one flight of genius.

*One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.*

What was the crowded hour through which Major Mordaunt lived?

Poets in the Wars

We know what fired the poetical spirit of Aeschylus, the great Greek poet, for he, with his two brothers, was awarded the prize for pre-eminent valour at the battle of Marathon. Many other classical writers were warriors, setting an example which was followed in later days by Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raleigh, Sidney, Goethe, and so on.

Byron, whose poems inspired for half a century every nation which sought to be free, died for the emancipation of Greece; Campbell was present during a war in which occurred the battle of Hohenlinden, described in his poem. He came back from that war to be charged in his native Scotland with treason, and it was while he was under arrest that his deathless poem, "Ye Mariners of England" was found in manuscript among his luggage. The sentiments expressed in that glorious ode saved him! But what of Major Mordaunt and his short-lived glow of splendid fervour?

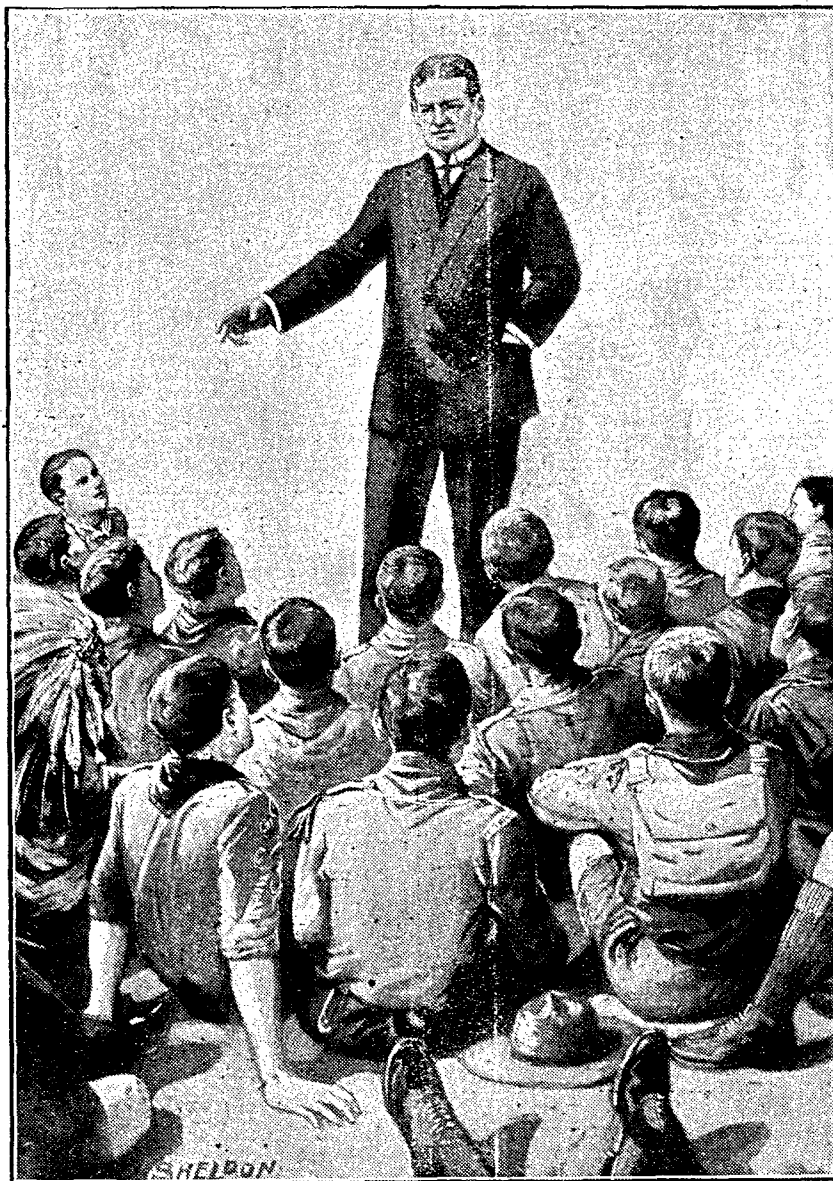
Britain in Strange Company

Was it Minden or Warburg? Our participation in the Seven Years' War was, on the whole, inglorious in Europe, but these two battles, forgotten and unknown today, were among the most brilliant feats of the British Army.

Minden was fought in August, 1759, six months after Mordaunt was gazetted a captain in the army, and he may have been present at this triumph of courage and tenacity of British infantry. But he was a cavalryman, and Warburg, fought at the little Westphalian town of that name on July 31, 1760, was a thrilling triumph for British cavalry. May not Warburg have given the major his crowded hour of glorious life?

There was little else for us to boast of in European warfare during those seven

A Camp Yarn for the Jamboree Boys



It was thrilling to see the Scouts from the Jamboree drinking in the words of Sir Ernest Shackleton, the greatest living explorer of our race, who talked to the boys of his experiences in the Antarctic

years of campaigning, yet the general results were stupendous. We were in strange company, fighting for Frederick the Great, who provoked the conflict leading to the Seven Years' War for this reason, in his own words: "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day; I decided for war." And in order that he might rob an ally whom he had sworn to defend black men fought on the Comandell, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.

Prussia, Austria, Russia, France, Sweden, Spain, America, India, and ourselves were all involved. We joined in order to settle a long-standing feud with France, who was fighting us for the possession of North America, India, and other places; and Pitt said: "I will conquer America in Germany." While fighting France all over the world, he sent troops from England and from Hanover, then a British possession, to guard Western Prussia against the French. Except for Minden and Warburg we fared ingloriously enough on the

Continent, and for the first time in history a German general had to command our ill-led troops.

But the time was notable. For the first time Scots went forth with Englishmen against a common foe, and the result was that we expelled the French from Canada, India, and the West Indies, and took Havana and Manila from the Spaniards. From the time of Wolsey onwards our wars had been directed to backing the weaker against the stronger power in Europe; now that became a world policy, and out of it sprang the British Empire.

But would our obscure Major Mordaunt realise these possibilities? Could he have looked forward from all these stirring events and have seen the vision of the flag and its far-flung sway? It is incredible. He sings in his moment of inspiration of an isolated hour of glory. Fancy inclines to Warburg, and, if so, the irony is that that battle will be remembered now only because of the misty figure whose few words of poetry are after all these years traced home to him.

SHOULD THE WAR HAVE GONE ON?

Why the Cease Fire Order
was Sent

WHAT FOCH KNEW

By Our Political Correspondent

One of the opinions most commonly expressed about the war is that if it had been carried on a few days longer the end would have been more satisfactory. But is that true?

Colonel House, who was President Wilson's most confidential friend at the Peace Conference, and saw the inside view of the war towards its close, has been testing the facts about the armistice as they stood when "Cease Fire" was sounded. He knows what the position really was.

The one man who had a right to decide about carrying on the war so as to beat the Germans more thoroughly was Marshal Foch, and his opinion was: "If the Germans sign an armistice on the conditions laid down no one has a right to let another drop of blood be shed."

When asked how long it would take to drive the Germans across the Rhine, he said: "Perhaps three months, perhaps four or five months. Who knows?"

Best Path to Peace

Those were the opinions of the man who, from a military point of view, had won the war. Yet there are people in every street, in every train, wherever two or three are met together, who deplore that the war was not continued longer, because they know it would have brought the Germans to a state of collapse in three or four more days.

Marshal Foch knew the losses he had sustained, he knew the strain put on his men, he knew the resistance the enemy was still capable of offering—the fiercer resistance as the war rolled backward on to German soil, and the call was for the defence of the Fatherland and not for invasion of other lands—and, knowing these things, he welcomed an armistice that opened a path to peace without further slaughter.

It is just as well that those who constantly bewail the too early end of the war should know against whose opinion they are setting their own. They are claiming to know better than Foch.

RAINBOW AT NIGHT

Scene from a Ship

A rainbow at night is described by an eye-witness on an army transport.

The moonlight rainbow was a complete semi-circle, and touched the water at both ends. The ship was heading directly into the centre of the rainbow during a severe storm, and the rainbow was visible for about half-an-hour.

Lunar rainbows are formed in the same way as ordinary rainbows, but are less brilliant.

POOR BEATEN FOX

A Hunter's Protest Against Cruelty Grave Searching of Heart Among Sportsmen

People who raise their voices against cruelty which goes by the name of sport are called faddists by those who follow such sports.

A man may be a heroic soldier, a proficient cricketer, a good footballer, tennis-player, swimmer, runner, boxer; he may be a master of every form of athletics, such as Commander C. B. Fry, who at 49 can still score his century against first-class bowling; but let such a man raise his voice against the barbarity of a pack of hounds followed by scores of riders hunting a fox, or of blocking up the hole to which the fox would run, or of digging out a fox which has taken sanctuary in the earth at the end of its flight for life, and he is denounced as a faddist and a spoil-sport.

A bombshell has now been dropped in the midst of such people by a fox-hunter! Lord Willoughby de Broke has written a book on fox-hunting, in which he rejoices that today there are more packs of hounds in the country than ever before. The book is reviewed in the Times by a writer who seems to know at least as much of the subject as Lord Willoughby.

Death by Exhaustion

It is a case of a hunting expert criticising hunting. We need not concern ourselves with his wise remarks as to the propriety of hunting over fields in which scientific farming is conducted. Public opinion will settle that question now that the land is passing from the possession of great landlords into the hands of hundreds of thousands of men who will farm the soil for themselves and help to feed the country.

But there is in the review of this book a merciful and moral note which, coming from a fox-hunter, is as unexpected as a plea for the simple life from a war millionaire. Here it is:

The humanitarian sentiment of our time is steadily rising against a form of sport which, whatever the fox's crimes, does at least involve his death in the most painful of all conceivable ways, that of being run to a standstill by sheer exhaustion, which finally renders him incapable of escaping the teeth of his pursuers.

The agonies of a beaten fox who finds his earth stopped have been described so vividly by Mr. Masefield as to give rise to grave searchings of heart in the breasts even of the most hardened fox-hunters. Already the sentiment of sportsmen is revolting against the inhuman practice of digging out a brave fox who has been run to earth.

All this may be scouted as the merest cant, but the sentiment is abroad, and, in estimating the prospect of fox-hunting, must be taken into account.

A Vain Pretence

The sentiment is not cant. It is the nobility of the human spirit. It is nonsense to say that hunting makes a nation physically great or brave. Tommy Atkins won the war, and he is no fox-hunter. The human spirit was never tuned to nobility and heroism by the torture of dumb animals. The canting defence of fox-hunting declares that we must have these hunts in order to produce army officers; but how many of the thousands of British officers in the army had ever even seen a fox? It is the vain pretence by which men who like hunting defend it against its merciful critics or the promptings of their own conscience.

WHAT TO DO WITH THEM

This dialogue took place at Tottenham Police Court the other day:

A Woman: "I want to know what I shall do about my rates."

The Magistrate: "Pay them."

The Woman: "Thank you. Good-morning."

AUSTRALIANS FLY HOME

End of Six Months of Excitement BATTLE AGAINST ADVERSITY

A fine tale of endurance and pluck is the story of the flight home of two young Australian airmen, Lieutenants Parer and McIntosh.

They had been away from Australia on war service since 1914, and when the Australian Government offered a prize of £10,000 for the first flight to Australia within 30 days, these two young men bought a D.H. 9 aeroplane, fitted with a Siddeley Puma engine, in which to make the attempt.

Before they were ready, however, the prize had been won, and so they decided to fly to Australia by easy stages, and left London on January 8 this year.

Their 11,000 mile journey has been full of adventures. Once, when flying near Rome at a height of 3000 feet, their machine caught fire, but they landed safely. In crossing Vesuvius they encountered an air pocket, and the aeroplane dropped like a stone for 500 feet; but they were able to regain control and proceed.

Time after time they had to make enforced landings, doing great damage to their machine. On one of these occasions repairs delayed them for six weeks, while on another occasion, when they alighted in the jungle, natives had to cut out a path for them before they could climb into the air again.

But still they kept on, and their magnificent efforts have now been crowned with success, for on August 2 they arrived at Port Darwin in North Australia, six months after they had set out from London.

THIS SUMMER

Is It Lengthening Our Lives?

By the Children's Doctor

We have all been complaining a good deal about the cool July, and yet it is very possible that a cool July, by diminishing the rate of our vital processes, has added some days to the length of our lives.

Dr. Jacques Loeb, the famous biologist, has made some experiments with flies which suggest that cold weather may help long life. He freed the eggs of some flies from all germs and brought up the young flies under such conditions that no germs could attack them; and then he experimented to see how long the flies would live at different temperatures.

As a result of his experiments he found that flies kept at 10 degrees of heat lived on the average 177 days; flies kept at 15 degrees lived on the average 123 days; flies kept at 20 degrees 54 days; flies kept at 25 degrees 38 days; and flies kept at 30 degrees only 21 days.

But men are not so dependent on temperature as insects, for the temperature of an insect rises and falls with the temperature of its surroundings, whereas men have heat-regulating machinery in their bodies that keeps their temperatures pretty steady. It is unlikely, therefore, that we should live to the age of Methuselah even in a refrigerator.

Nevertheless great heat does slightly raise our temperature, and it is quite possible that we are all several hours younger than if there had been a hot July.

A BIRD AND ITS WAYS

On the Rim of a Pipe

A Sussex girl tells this story.

A bird that lived next door to us, and died not long ago, was fond of its master. It would hop on the stem of his pipe and pick the tobacco out, and drop it on the floor.

Sometimes its master would put his fingers so as to form steps like a ladder, and the bird would hop to the top, and then start at the bottom again.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

The new postage stamps for Palestine will bear inscriptions in four languages.

Twenty-six five-pound notes were picked up not long ago in the House of Commons.

Owing to the rise in prices, the new London County Hall will cost two million pounds more than was estimated.

Austria has still one British prisoner of war unaccounted for; Bulgaria has five, Turkey 158, and Germany 213.

British Presidents of America

Out of 28 Presidents of the U.S.A. 15 have been of pure English parentage, six of Scottish and Irish descent, mixed, three Scottish, and one Welsh.

A Warning

A young woman near Sheffield was picking her teeth with a safety-pin, when the pin slipped down her throat, and she died within three minutes.

Back to the Sea

A quarter of a million mackerel were not long ago thrown back into the sea on the Cornish coast owing to a dispute between the fishermen and the buyers.

Rhododendron Giant

The seed of a rhododendron growing 70 or 80 feet high has been acquired by Kew Gardens, and it is hoped that we shall see a giant rhododendron there.

Public Motoring

The increased railway fares are leading to a great development of public motoring. Folkestone is doubling all its motor services.

The Wrong Corner

It transpired at a meeting of the Nottinghamshire County Council not long ago that in altering a dangerous corner at Newark the workmen altered the wrong corner.

India's Babel

A language survey of India is now being made, and, exclusive of the Deccan and Burma, no fewer than 179 languages and 544 different dialects have been counted.

Not Interested

A woman told a London magistrate the other day that she had not the slightest idea of her husband's occupation when she married him. "It did not interest" her.

Home of Two Bees

A Cheshire reader tells us that two bees have made their home in the socket of the window-latch of her bedroom. The socket is about one inch deep and one inch high, and very narrow.

An Expensive Date

A woman has been fined ten shillings for using a railway ticket without a date. She said that she gave the ticket to her baby, who sucked off the date. A box of dates would have been cheaper.

Cut Off from the World

While crossing the Atlantic General Booth met a man whose home is at a lonely spot 1200 miles north of Brisbane, Australia, and who had heard of the war for the first time last December!

Deadly Hemlock

While bathing in the River Dee a boy was suddenly taken ill and died shortly after. It was stated at the inquest that he had been using the stem of hemlock, a very poisonous plant, as a pea-shooter, and this had been the cause of his death.

Wasted Heroism

Lieutenant Locklear, the flying man of Los Angeles, who jumped from plane to plane and from planes on to the roofs of trains, has been killed at last, as he was always bound to be. It is a pity to waste courage for mere sensation like that.

POISON MYSTERY

STRANGE STORY OF DISEASE CARRIERS Healthy People Who Make Others Ill

SAD CASE OF A MILKMAID

It has been suggested in a case of food-poisoning in a London family that germs were unconsciously conveyed by the mother, who was what is known as a germ-carrier. Thereby hangs a remarkable tale in the annals of medicine.

One of the strangest discoveries by doctors in recent times is that typhoid fever is carried from place to place by certain people who have had it and recovered, and, though they themselves are well, have the power of infecting other people. Such people are called typhoid-carriers. They are much to be pitied, for they are a constant danger to others, unless they keep extremely clean.

Here is an instance showing how the disease is spread by "carriers." An outbreak of typhoid occurred in a certain city with sad loss of life. It was found that all who suffered from it had had their milk from one farm.

Carrier and the Milking-Pail

Typhoid is usually spread by impure water or by infected milk. Here it was very clear that milk spread the disease. Yet the farm was very clean and the milk good. Presently the disease ceased in that milk-round.

Then, shortly afterwards, some cases occurred in villages a few miles away.

Inquiries brought out the fact that the milkmaid at the farm which supplied the city milk-round where the infection had been, had left shortly before the outbreak in the city ceased, and had gone first to one of the infected villages and then to the other. She had had typhoid before coming to the farm where she managed the milkpails, and she remained a typhoid-carrier.

Caution with Food

Unaware herself of what harm she was doing, she had spread typhoid in three places, and had caused much suffering and a number of deaths.

Now, wherever a typhoid-carrier is found, he or she is warned, and is not allowed to prepare food or come in contact with milk. It is said that there are no fewer than 56 typhoid-carriers being warned and watched in the one American state of New York.

Typhoid is now much less frequent in this country than it was a generation ago, and it may be stamped out with great care; but it is necessary that everyone should know that there are typhoid-carriers, and that these unfortunate people should know the facts, and by cleanliness prevent themselves from being dangerous to others.

By the Children's Doctor

It is possible that people immune to certain diseases may yet carry the germs on them and infect other people, unless steps be taken to disinfect the parts of the body where the germs have entrenched themselves.

It is known quite well that after diphtheria and typhoid and dysentery the victims of the disease may carry about the germs and infect other people. During an epidemic of diphtheria in Crewe no fewer than 90 diphtheria carriers were found and treated, and in many cases the bacilli of diphtheria have been found in the nose and throat of people who have never shown any symptoms of the disease.

Disease germs may be carried by carriers for many years, and an epidemic of typhoid which occurred in America in 1909 was traced to a dairyman who had suffered from typhoid in 1863 or 1864.

Even when carriers are discovered, it is often difficult to eradicate the germs they carry. A few years ago a woman who kept a lodging-house in Manchester was found to be a typhoid-carrier, but treatment failed to eradicate the bacilli, and finally the authorities had to forbid her to work, and to give her a pension.

CURIOUS ILLUSION AT THE KINEMA

MOTOR-CAR PICTURES

Why the Wheels Seem to Go
the Wrong Way Round

WHAT THE EYE REMEMBERS

Several C.N. readers have written to say that at the kinema they notice that the wheels of a moving motor-car seem to go round in the wrong direction, and they ask the reason of this.

The whole thing is an optical illusion due to the fact that on the screen we do not really see things move at all. What we see is a series of pictures showing various objects in a succession of positions, and when these pictures are run through a magic-lantern we see them on the screen so rapidly one after another that they appear to be one picture. The quick succession of slightly different positions gives the illusion of ordered movement. The eye sees one picture while it still remembers the one before.

Now, take the case of the revolving wheels of a moving motor-car. Actually they are always going round in the proper direction. When the film is taken many exposures are made by the camera, the shutter closing moment by moment between the pictures. These exposures show the spokes of the motor-car wheels in slightly different positions, and we also see them in these constantly varying positions when the film is thrown upon the screen.

Procession of the Spokes

Suppose at the moment when the first exposure is made by the camera a given spoke is in an exactly vertical position. At the next exposure this has moved to one side and another spoke has come forward; and so it goes on. Now in the ordinary way our eyes do not follow the spokes round; we continue to look at one point, and whether the wheels seem to be going forward or backward depends upon how far the exposures of the camera that took the film coincide with the speed of the spokes.

If the number of exposures in a certain time is greater than the number of spokes passing a given point in that time, then the wheel will appear to be moving backwards, because the oncoming spoke will not yet have reached the position of its predecessor in the previous exposure.

When Our Eyes Deceive Us

Our eye will constantly be diverted to the oncoming spoke in the opposite direction to which the wheel is turning, and thus by constantly looking in that direction we get the illusion that the wheel is turning that way.

If, on the other hand, the number of exposures made by the camera is less than the number of spokes passing a given point, the wheel will appear to be going forward, because the oncoming spoke will not only reach the position of its predecessor in the previous exposure but will slightly pass it, and thus our eyes will be diverted in the direction in which the wheel is actually moving.

Moving Wheels that Appear Still

When the number of exposures and the number of spokes passing the given point exactly coincide, the wheels of the car will appear to be stationary, for as we look at the picture thrown upon the screen a spoke always appears in exactly the same position, and so we get no sense of movement.

Those who go often to the pictures will have noticed all three illusions, sometimes with the same motor-car as it speeds up or slows down in the picture on the screen.

If, the next time we see a moving motor-car at the kinema, we allow our eyes for a moment or two to follow the wheel round in the right direction, we shall probably see it moving in that direction. Often when a car is slowing down the illusion changes suddenly, and the wheels appear to change the direction of their revolutions.

THE JOLLY LIFE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE



A Ride on the Goat



Bringing the Calf's Breakfast



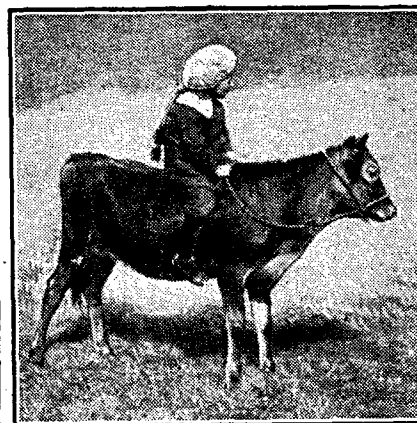
Off to the Meadow in the Morning



The Little Milkmaid



A Happy Group of Friends



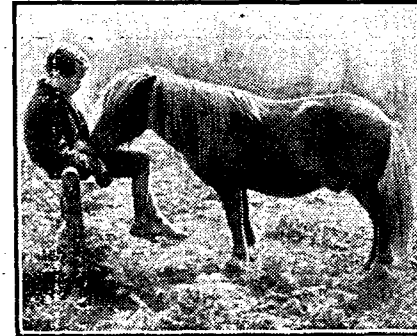
A New Kind of Steed



Supper-Time



Feeding the Chicks



A Boy and His New Friend

A holiday on the farm is quite as jolly as a stay by the seaside, and, as these pictures show, boys and girls who go to the countryside find plenty to amuse them there

PLAYING WITH A LIMPET

HOW IT FINDS ITS WAY HOME

Queer Little Creature that Will
Not be Tricked

FIGHT FOR A PLACE ON A ROCK

By a Laboratory Correspondent

Everyone knows the limpet and how hard it is to get it off the rocks; "to stick like a limpet" has passed into a proverb. It takes a force of nearly 2000 times its own weight to move it when it has made up its mind to stay.

But it is not so generally known, perhaps, that each limpet has its own home, and can find its way back when moved to a distance. We hear a great deal about the homing instinct in animals and birds, but it seems even more wonderful in small creatures like these.

A limpet's home, or scar, as it is called, is a smooth place, exactly the same shape round its edge as the shell, and often sunk quite deep in the rock. The limpet leaves it when the tide goes down, and sets out to find its food, which consists of the tiny seaweeds growing all around.

If you listen carefully at low tide you can hear the rasping noise made by the limpet's tongue as it scrapes its food off the rocks. The radula, as the tongue is called, lies coiled up on the right side, and looks like a long thread covered with rows of microscopic teeth. It is about twice as long as the animal itself.

Marking the Limpets

As soon as the tide begins to rise the limpet turns right round in its tracks and goes back the way it came, always fitting itself into its home in exactly the same position.

All sorts of experiments have been made with marked limpets—moving them from their homes, and putting obstacles in the way of their return. Some put as far away as 24 inches succeeded in getting back. With others the return track was broken up with a hammer, which stopped them for a time, though they eventually climbed over the damaged space and fixed themselves on their own scars.

Many experiments were carried out by a French naturalist, M. Piéron. He found that when half the scar and the surroundings were broken up the limpet came back and fixed itself in exactly the same position as before, and that when the centre of the scar was damaged and the outside rim left untouched the same thing happened. Even when all the scar was destroyed the limpet returned, found the right spot, and fixed on it, though not necessarily in the same position as before.

Following the Trail

Then one limpet was put on another limpet's scar when returning home from a foraging expedition. The rightful owner came up, passed the spot, then stopped, turned round, and came back, and gradually pushed the interloper off. After that it shuffled about until it fitted its shell into the correct position, and settled down.

M. Piéron thinks that limpets, going out constantly as they do in different directions searching for food, learn what their surroundings are like, and remember, so that if they should be placed on a rock where they have been before, they can judge in which direction their homes lie, and go straight to them.

What they remember we do not know, but it is suggested that it is what they feel with their tentacles. A big limpet has about 300 of these, and spreads them all round its shell as it crawls.

PONY THAT CRACKS NUTS

Mention of a dog's cleverness in cracking nuts has brought us a number of letters about dogs that understand how to crack nuts and eat the kernels only. A Somersetshire reader has a pony that cracks nuts and disposes of the shells.

MIDGE THAT ENDED MERRIE ENGLAND

NEW DISCOVERY THAT WILL END THE MIDGE

The Marvellous Pinch of Powder
and the Mosquito

A NEW DISCOVERY

Merrie England was murdered by a midge, and now Merrie England is to be avenged.

It was Henry, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, more than 800 years ago, who coined this name that we all love, Merrie England, the land, as he said, in which were a free people with a free spirit.

Yet his Merrie England was a very melancholy England. Apart from recurring plagues and famines the people were stricken in enormous numbers with ague, a terrible and fatal fever.

The story runs through all history. We have changed the name, and now call it malaria, which means "bad air," from which the disease was supposed to come, though, as every reader of the Children's Newspaper knows, the parasite causing malaria is conveyed into the human system by mosquito bites.

The malady used to cost us five million lives a year in India; Italy has two million cases and 15,000 deaths yearly from it; America has had as high a death-rate as 26 per 1000 from it—all from the bite of the Anopheles mosquito, a midge whose ancestors ruled our melancholy Merrie England.

Midge That Hides in History

It is wonderful to think of this unchallenged midge poisoning human life from the dawn of history. Horace was writing of it while Caesar was conquering Britain; all literature teems with reference to the mystery.

All the story was of death and defeat up to 1640, and then quiet Jesuit priests from Spain, wandering in the forests of South America, learned from the Indians of the virtues of quinine. The wife of the Viceroy of Peru, the Countess of Cinchon, brought back to Europe the first specimen of the bark ever seen in the New World, and to this day the growth from which quinine is obtained is called by her name, Cinchona bark. How Sir Clements Markham got the growth smuggled to India last century is one of the great stories of chivalrous daring.

Insect with a Broom

Well, knowledge that the disease came from a bite and the drying up of the breeding places of the midge that inflicts the bite were further steps; but we cannot dry up all water, for the midge lays its eggs in cisterns and other sources of supply for man. Now for the grand discovery.

The larva of the Anopheles mosquito, unlike other larvae, feeds on the surface of the water, sweeping its food into its mouth by waving tufts, or brooms, of tiny bristles. That is to prove its doom. M. Rouband, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, has solved the problem for the world by sprinkling the water with formalin, as already announced in the C.N.

Disease Goes by Aeroplane

Formalin is a cheap antiseptic. For the new process it is reduced to an extremely fine powder, and is swept into the mouth of the larva, which, being itself so small, is poisoned by the microscopic fragment of dust. The portion of formalin used is so tiny that other life is not affected by it; the water can be used for other purposes with safety, yet, as it does not dissolve, the formalin remains operative for a long time, ready for any larva that opens its hungry mouth.

Our English fens are mostly gone, but where marsh remains there is the fatal midge, and at any time it may spread to other parts where water is available. It has been found in Africa that disease-bearing mosquitoes can travel the continent by aeroplane. Well, here is the remedy, acclaimed with thankfulness by the world.

THE LITTLE RED CANS

A Petrol Story from Africa

There is a great deal to be told of the coming together of white men with all their newest contrivances of science, and savages whose ideas are as primitive as were those of our ancestors who dwelt in trees and caves thousands of years ago.

A queer peep into the minds of these grown-up children of the forest twilight is given in a book by Mr. Leo Walmsley, who was an airman in the East African campaign.

A number of native porters had to carry petrol for the aeroplanes from Ayasa to the former German village of Ngombo. They had not the faintest notion what petrol was. To them it was only a smelly water, and heavy. So they quietly emptied it away and marched on with the empty tins. Before entering Ngombo they secretly refilled them with water from a neighbouring stream, then staggered up to headquarters with their red cans, looking very innocent, but talking valiantly of the labours and dangers of the journey!

WHAT MACHINES CAN DO

Some Ingenious Devices

Some very interesting devices were shown at a gathering of civil engineers at their institution in London recently.

There was an ingenious little instrument which would measure a millionth of an inch, and close to it was a device which made a record of the stress on a bridge as a train passed over it.

The value of Savings Certificates at any period of their currency could be seen at a glance by the use of a small calculating machine shown; while a stop-watch which dotted down in ink the time required was another curiosity.

Perhaps the most interesting was the demonstration of the new Marconi calling-up device for ships, which sets a bell ringing if the operator is away.

MEMORY IN ANIMALS

Cow That Knew a Girl

A Rhodesian reader gives some instances of memory and affection in animals.

One of our cows is a special pet, and follows me like a dog.

While I was at school she was always on the watch for me, and when I came back and went over to the kraal she would grow excited and rush to the fence to meet me.

We had a kitten, too, that always greeted me after an absence by springing on my shoulder. When I came back home again after being away for any considerable length of time it at once sprang up and greeted me in the old way.

CUCKOO LOOKS ON

Perched on the Tennis Net

A Westmorland reader gives an illustration of wild birds finding their way back to the same place year by year.

One day the gardener found a cuckoo with a broken leg. He put it in splints and bandaged it.

The cuckoo stayed in the garden till its leg was quite better, and became so tame that it would perch on the tennis net when a game was going on.

Next year it came back to its old perch, as tame as ever.

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE

We wish to do justice in a comparison, rather than a competition, that is highly honourable to all concerned. In acknowledging contributions to the Save the Children's Fund, the Gosforth School was placed as heading the list with a splendid subscription of £46.

This has brought us a note from an energetic concert-party, the Merry Elves of Norwich, who have raised £60 at three concerts, and are therefore at the top of our list. Our congratulations to them; we wish the Merry Elves many merry hours.

LIFE ON THE ROCKS

Population of a Square Inch

THE GREAT MULTITUDE OF MUSSELS

This year's President of the British Association, which meets at Cardiff in August, is Professor W. A. Herdman, of Liverpool, probably the foremost living authority on the life of the sea. His latest contribution to this subject deals with a very interesting question—the abundance of living creatures on the rocks of the seashore.

The common rock-barnacle or acorn-shell, a crustacean fixed head downwards and wafting its delicate food into its mouth with six pairs of curl-like legs, is the most abundant fixed animal on the rocky shores of North-West Europe. It sometimes covers every inch of rock between tide-marks for miles and miles of sea-cliff. There may be 3000 on one square foot of rock.

On a square inch of rock Professor Herdman counted 100 young mussels, which means about 129,600 on a square yard, "and there are very many such square yards around our coast." Of course, the majority of the young mussels never grow up. They are killed by storms, smothered by their neighbours, devoured by starfishes or by such true fish as plaice. But if eaten by plaice they are not necessarily lost, for man may catch the plaice.

In a mussel bed in Lancashire there may be 16,000 mussels to the square foot, a far richer yield than that of the farm. Spenser, in the Faerie Queene, spoke of "the sea's abundant progeny, whose fruitful seed far passeth those in land," and the marine naturalist of today confirms this with his statistics, which are as eloquent as poetry.

WHEN WE HAVE NO COAL

Will Gas or Electricity Save Us? THE COST OF OUR COAL FIRES

In two hundred and fifty years there will probably be no coal left in the United Kingdom, and long before then it will have become so costly that we may be hard pressed to maintain our population.

This is the serious statement lately made by Sir Dugald Clerk, who was Director of Engineering Research at the Admiralty during the war.

It is clear, then, that we must save our coal as much as possible. The Coal Conservation Committee, appointed by the Government to advise on this question, suggests that coal should be burned at the pithead only, being transformed into electricity.

The power for all purposes—lighting, machinery, cooking, and so on—would be done by electricity, and the gas companies and the coal merchants would all be done away with. By turning our coal into electric power at the pithead, instead of carrying it to our various factories the committee thinks there would be a saving of 55 million tons of coal a year.

Extravagant Electricity

This means a saving of more than a quarter on our total home consumption. If this be so, the sooner the Government sets up its large turbo-electric stations and supplies all our towns and villages with electricity the better, but Sir Dugald Clerk declares that the Government figures are unduly optimistic. He points out that for heating purposes electricity is far more extravagant than gas, and the saving on the coal used to drive machinery, he says, would be outbalanced by the extra coal needed for electric cooking.

It is gas that will save us from coal famine, and not electricity, according to Sir Dugald. Our gas works are being so improved that in a few years the householder will be able to use 75 per cent. of the heat given off by the coal, and the efficiency of the gas will rise from 42 to 55 per cent. If we swept away coal fires and substituted gas-fires we should save 17 million tons a year.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

A KING WITHOUT A CHARACTER

Woman Set Free for Fifty Thousand Pieces of Gold

POETRY GOES INTO THE COUNTRY

- Aug. 22. Richard III. killed at Bosworth Field 1485
- 23. Louis XVI. born at Versailles 1754
- 24. Massacre of St. Bartholomew 1572
- 25. Margaret of Anjou died at Dampierre . . 1482
- 26. Battle of Cressy, Firearms first used . . 1346
- 27. James Thomson, poet, died at Richmond 1748
- 28. Leigh Hunt died at Putney 1859

Louis the Sixteenth

Louis the Sixteenth was the unfortunate king of France who was beheaded in 1793 during the French Revolution.

His misfortune was that he was a man with no strength of character, who inherited the crown when France had begun to despise its kings, and he had not sufficient wisdom to choose good advisers or behave straightforwardly.

France was determined that it would have a government chosen by the people and representing them fairly. Louis pretended to agree with this view, but never really believed in it, and worked secretly against it.

He was unwisely influenced by his wife, Marie Antoinette, of Austria, who was very unpopular. Neither king nor queen had any real care for the welfare of their people, who at last regarded them as enemies, and executed both.

The best that can be said of them is that they met their fate with bravery.

Margaret of Anjou

MARGARET of Anjou was the queen of England who more than any other queen behaved like a bold and energetic man.

At fifteen she came over from France to marry the kind and good but feeble-minded English king Henry VI., and it was on his behalf, and for the sake of her only son, Prince Edward, that for 16 years she fought at intervals the Wars of the Roses.

Margaret has won sympathy by her fierce family spirit, her adventures and misfortunes; but she was not wise in her management of people, and in victory she was stern and cruel.

All her hopes were shattered by the battle of Tewkesbury in 1471. There her son was captured and murdered, and shortly afterwards her husband was murdered, too. She was kept a prisoner for five years, and then the King of France ransomed her for 50,000 gold crowns, and in her native France she lived six years more.

Several times in her adventurous life she was penniless and a fugitive. Once, in that state, she and the boy prince were confronted by a fierce-looking robber. She boldly told the robber who they were, and he did not betray them.

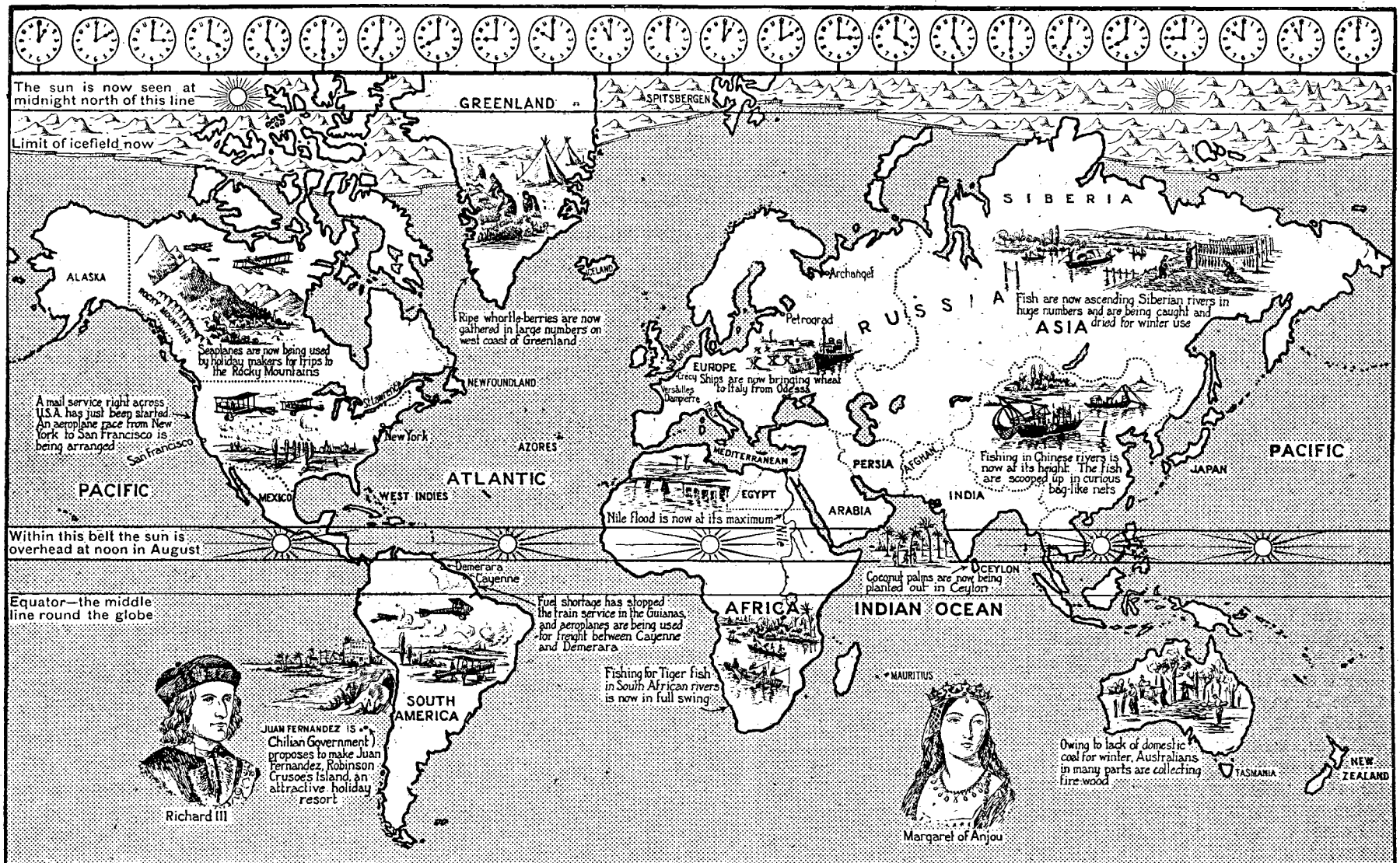
James Thomson

ENGLISH poetry now often tells us of the beauty of an open-air life in the country, and the charm of mountains and streams, woods, cornfields, meadows, friendly animals and birds, the colouring of flowers and skies, and the pleasant ways of simple human folk.

The oldest English poetry also tells of these things, from Chaucer to Shakespeare and Milton. But a time came when poetry went to town, and only pictured the people there. That was the period of Dryden and Pope.

However, about 200 years ago a Scottish poet, James Thomson, who lived most of his life in London, took poetry back to the country by describing "The Seasons"—first Winter, then Summer, Spring, and Autumn—and poetry has lived largely in the country since. Not many people read Thomson's "Seasons" now, but by it he will always be remembered. He also wrote "Rule, Britannia!"

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING FISHING AND FLYING



NEW HOLIDAY RESORT Excursions to Crusoe's Cave

The island of Juan Fernandez, where Alexander Selkirk lived alone and gave rise to the best of all tales, Robinson Crusoe, is, as all sharp schoolboys know, off the coast of Chile, though Daniel Defoe, when writing Robinson Crusoe, put it near the mouth of the River Orinoco, on the Atlantic side of South America.

Really it is a very attractive island, better even than it appears in Robinson Crusoe, and the Government of Chile is considering whether it shall not make it a tourist's resort, and run excursions to it.

American scientific men who have been studying the island and the ocean around it give a favourable account of it. They slept in Crusoe's cave and enjoyed the experience. The time may not be far distant when "Take a Trip to Crusoe's Cave" may be billed on the walls of our cities. *See World Map*

A KEYBOARD FOR A FIDDLER Time-Saving In Music

While there are notes on a piano, the space on a violin must be judged by practice and experience. But a new invention applies to the violin the keyboard of the piano.

A curved board is fixed over the neck of the violin on which are cut twelve notches over each of the four strings, and aluminium studs act as keys, which are pressed down by the fingers.

A student can learn the fingering of the fiddle very easily by the help of this keyboard, and when he becomes thoroughly familiar with it the keyboard can be removed. It is thought that six months of early training will be saved by its use.

THE FASTEST BOAT Tragic End of a Triumph

Some of the most powerful motor-boats ever seen were brought together for the International Motor-Boat Races held in the Solent.

One of these, the Whippowill, owned by an American, Commodore A. L. Judson, had engines developing 1800 horse-power, and on its trials had shown a speed of considerably more than 70 knots, which is faster than any other motor-boat.

The Whippowill was not to win the International Competition, however, for while starting up for a trial run in Osborne Bay an engine back-fired and the boat caught fire. The crew made an unsuccessful attempt to master the flames, but were eventually compelled to jump overboard to save themselves.

It was a sad end to a brief career of triumph, "a crowded hour" indeed.

DOES WIRELESS FIRE THE OIL WELL?

Curious Experience in Texas

A remarkable coincidence occurred not long ago on some oil properties in Texas, when mysterious fires broke out on the same night that certain wireless experiments were being made over long distances at Nebraska.

It is well known that explosions have been caused through chains or wires acting in sympathy with wireless signals and producing sparks which have ignited powder magazines or inflammable stores.

The owner of the oil wells in Texas believes that fires have been caused by wireless messages in a similar way.

The rigs, as the above-ground structure of the wells is called, are naturally soaked with oil and in a highly inflammable state, and the theory is that the guy-wires projecting from the "rigs" are sometimes in tune with wireless signals, so that they pick them up when sparks are produced and ignite the oil or oil vapour.

YOUTH AT 68 Time Does Not Dim a Hero's Powers

Everyone who knows North Wales well knows the Pass of Aberglaslyn, and the bridge over the river there. Recently a tragedy on that lovely spot was partly redeemed from its sadness by a rare instance of heroic conduct.

The river was in full flood when a horse, with a trap in which were a man and a woman, shied near the bridge and plunged over into the foaming torrent.

By the bridge was a Manchester doctor, Dr. Paul Tarleton, and, though he is 68 years old, he unhesitatingly plunged into the stream in an attempt to save the occupants of the trap.

He failed to rescue either, and was swept far down the stream before he could land again; but he failed only because he tried to do what was impossible, and at least he succeeded in proving that years need not abate either a man's courage or humanity.

TURKEY'S POWER GOING Greeks Have Their Way

The resistance of Turkey to the Greeks, both in Europe and Asia Minor, has had no heart in it.

In Thrace (European Turkey) the Turkish general found himself deserted, and at once surrendered.

In Anatolia, the Turkish leader, Kemal, has fallen back into the hills, trying to give his opposition a religious, rather than national, character. A number of his men have dispersed, and have had to be "rounded up" as brigands living by violence.

Indeed, Turkey as a country has ceased to resist.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Anopheles	An-off-el-eeze
Dampierre	Dom-pee-air
Da Vinci	Da Vin-chee
Mazzini	Mat-see-nee
Samoyede	Sa-mo-yed

SECRET OF A GRAVEL PIT Eight Saxon Soldiers PIECING TOGETHER FRAGMENTS OF HISTORY

Somewhere or other, but nobody knows where, almost the whole history of the earth since man appeared on it is hidden in its uppermost layers—a bit here and a bit there; and now and then men chance to turn up "remains" that tell a little fragment of the story.

Sometimes it is a skull or two; sometimes weapons or tools; sometimes pots and vases; sometimes a hoard of coins; sometimes bones of animals, drifted by water from caves where the creatures sheltered long ago; and each find adds a little to the story of the past.

The latest discovery has been made in a gravel pit at Mitcham, in South London, where eight skeletons have been dug up, with bronze weapons in their midst and a store of beads.

Evidently the men were young, for their teeth were not decayed; and, as one was wounded in his skull and hip bone, they were probably all killed in a group while defending or raiding the place. It is believed that they were Saxon soldiers. The very weapon that made the cuts in the bone was lying by.

It is by piecing together such fragments of fact as these skeletons and their weapons and ornaments disclose, and comparing them with similar remains found elsewhere, that knowledge is slowly built up till we can in imagination reconstruct the vanished life of mankind.

NEW MOTOR CLOCK How the Wheels Tell the Time

A wonderful little motor-car clock has been invented, which never has to be wound up. It runs from power obtained from the batteries used for lighting the car lamps.

It is quite automatic and keeps very accurate time, and so little current is required to work the clock that it uses in a year less than is required to light a four-candle-power lamp for an hour.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 21 1920

The Junker and the Jamboree

THE Jamboree boys are home again, and we are sorry. We should like them to live at Olympia.

For these Jamboree boys are going to save the world. No cynic can see the Jamboree and live. No Junker can see it and be a Junker still. It is as certain as the rising of the sun that the spirit of the Jamboree will make an end of war.

It used to be said that wars are necessary to keep men fit, and there are still a few people left in the world, besides the Kaiser and his son Willie, who think the only way to keep the human race going is to train it up to kill each other.

What pitiful nonsense it is! Not a thing does military training teach a man in the name of War that the Jamboree does not teach a boy in the name of Peace—not one thing *save killing*. If there is any good thing in militarism, if there be any virtue, or wisdom, or discipline, if it teaches men to face sudden danger, to be ready for whatever should come whenever it may come—all these things the Jamboree can do without the idiocy of war.

The Jamboree can beat the War Office all the time. The War office can take a boy and train him to kill his brother for the sake of his country; but the Jamboree can take a boy and train him to love his brother for the sake of the world. Put these two boys together, in a race or in a crisis, set them to build a bridge, or put out a fire, or carry a despatch, or face a pit explosion, or make a road or a shirt or a boat, and the Jamboree boy will win through everywhere.

He knows what to do. Give him a knife, a stick or two, and a bit of string, and he will build a house. Give him time and he will build a new world.

Militarism takes a lot of boys, makes them like sheep, and thinks it has done wonders. Your scout-master takes a lot of boys, makes them masters of themselves, and thinks nothing about it.

It is not for nothing that these Jamboree boys are coming up in every country in the world; it is not for nothing that the Jamboree comes as the Junker goes. It is part of the order of things. The way to kill war is to give men better things to do, and the Jamboree has shown the way. From now B.P. stands for two things—for Baden-Powell, who has given the world a great idea, and for the British Public which will see that it does not die.

We salute the scouts of all nations, guardians and defenders of the peace and honour and glory of the world in the great days coming. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Love of a Boy

MANY people have been reading Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's pathetic little book about Twells Brex, of whose death we wrote at the time. Twells Brex had a spider friend hanging over his bed, and a friend of one of the very first boy readers of the C.N. writes to tell us how he, too, lay dying with a spider for his companion. Then comes this touching picture of our little man, dying at eight years old.

For weeks he never slept at night, and his mother would sit up with him. About half-past three one morning he got out of bed to sit by the fire, asking his mother to lie down a little while. The tired mother suggested that they should talk of all the fine things they would do when he was well, but Eric would not listen. "I am going to let you sleep a quarter of an hour," he said, taking a watch in his hand. And he was so insistent that his mother lay down and fell asleep, exhausted.

When she woke it was half-past six, and the little lad was saying, "Mother, mother, won't you please get up and get my breakfast? Haven't I let you have a lovely sleep?" He had sat in great pain, timing his mother's sleep, for three hours.

Is it not true that the most heroic things in life are those we cannot talk about?

Pouring Out the Money

WE are to have a book of the history of the Ministry of Munitions, and it is to cost eighteen thousand pounds.

Histories of ministries are, no doubt, very interesting, but the nation cannot afford books at this price.

There is no publisher in the United Kingdom who would not bankrupt himself by extravagance like this, and there is no editor in the United Kingdom who could not produce this book and save a little fortune on it.

LITTLE jams of freight-cars,
Little strikes at docks,
Swerve the nation's business
Swiftly toward the rocks.

So It Goes Round

A LADY writes agreeing with the reader who would not allow the C.N. to be used for covering a wet seat on a bus.

"I never allow it to be used for lighting a fire," this lady says. "On Friday it is read by the parents; on Saturday it is sent to the schoolroom for the governess and children; on Sunday the maids have it; on Monday it is sent to the boys at Wellington College, and afterwards they forward it to their French cousins in Paris."

What a fine world it will be when they are all grown up!

The Sovereign

THE value of the sovereign is steadily creeping up. It is at least consoling that a sovereign can never fall as low as the means some people adopt to get it.

Tip-Cat

IT is cheaper now to go to the seaside by water. Especially if you can swim.

IN Italy they have decided to take the profiteer's money. Here the profiteer takes ours.

A BOND of union: The family joint.

MR. TERRELL, M.P., thinks it is "not necessary to be in a hurry to pay debts." His debtors will be glad to know.

"ALL goes well," says Mr. Lloyd George. Let us hope truth is still at the bottom of it.

CAPITAL punishment: A holiday in London.

BATHING machines on the south coast are having names given to them. Not bad ones, surely!

RESIDENTS in Bootle are paying their rates with stamps. The rate-collector seems to be in for a licking.

A DENTIST'S Bill is to be presented to Parliament this session. We hope Parliament will pay it.

WE came, said the Scout, from near and far
To the Jamboree; and we had no jar;
But we liked it all, and we cried with glee,
"Keep on spreading the Jamboree!"

Peter Puck on an English Summer

IN April
Rain he will,
In May
He snows all day,
In June
Hail is his tune,
In July
Thunderbolts fly,
In August
The thing is bust.



The Reason Why

SOMEbody has been praying for a strike of profiteers, but profiteers do not strike. They can get what they want without striking.

God's Eventide

The day is past and the toilers cease;
The land grows dim 'mid the shadows gray.
And hearts are glad, for the dark brings peace
At the close of day.
It speaks of peace that comes after strife,
Of the rest He sends to the hearts He tried,
Of the calm that follows the stormiest life—
God's eventide. JOHN MCCRAE

Hold Up Your Heads

Look Wide

The greatest moment of the Jamboree was when the Chief Scout, after bidding his followers bow their heads in memory of those who had fallen in the war, suddenly cried: "Scouts! Hold up your heads! Look wide!"

ONLY the coward dreads

Such death as these have died;
Lift up, O Scouts, your heads,
Look wide! Look wide!
Heaven's hill of joy he treads
Who fought upon God's side.

Not with the feeble found,

Not with the false allied,
These firmly held their ground,
Fear, pain, and death defied,
Hearing Heaven's trumpet sound,
Because they took God's side.

RIGHT overthrowing wrong,

Love overcoming pride,
Truth making weakness strong,
Duty their only guide;
Thus marched our Scouts along
Like lions on God's side.

Now let temptation call,

Now let our steel be tried,
We will be true in all,
True as our Scouts who died;
And when at last we fall
It shall be on God's side.

ONLY the coward dreads

Such death as these have died.
Lift up, O Scouts, your heads,
Look wide! Look wide!

The Doorstep Boy

By Our Country Girl in Town

YOU can see London better by night. The rising line of street lamps shows you that what you thought a bit of straight pavement is a hill. When the crowds have gone and the shops are unattractive you notice courtyards and alleys, even in West End streets, whose existence astonishes you.

The other night as I was staring into such a yard a dazzling light was suddenly flashed upon me, and a policeman came out. When he saw that I was not likely to be trying to get into the jeweller's shop, he said: "Would you like to see a pretty sight, miss?" He went a few steps down the shabby yard and flashed his light upon a little boy asleep on a doorstep. He certainly was a pretty child, but my view of his face was rather obscured by the mud on it, while his clothes hardly obscured the view of the rest of him at all.

"You aren't going to move him on, are you?" I asked the policeman.

"No," he said. "When I go off my beat I shall take him along to the Ever-Open Door." He straightened himself, a fine man even for a body of men who are all finely built, and said, "Bless me, the times I slept like that at his age!"

GREATEST SHOW IN LONDON TOWN

THE JAMBOREE BOYS The Glorious Time They Had AND THE WONDERFUL THINGS THEY DID

Nobody who saw it will forget the Jamboree. It has come and gone, but it will come again, for it was the greatest show that boys have ever had in London Town.

Who would not rather have been the Chief Scout of all the World, listening to the proud acclaim of the Wolf Cubs and Scouts and Rovers cramming the vast spaces of Olympia, than Commander-in-Chief of all the military armies that have ever been?

Mr. Punch picked up the spirit of Olympia when he said that the sight of it made this war-tired world seem young again. It was, indeed, like a great dream coming true, like a story-book coming into life, to see the vast arena of Olympia handed over to the jolliest, healthiest, brightest boys of twenty nations.

The Wolf Cubs

They were there with all the joyfulness of youth, overflowing with excitement at the realisation of the possibilities of Life. They poured into the arena in ones, in tens, in hundreds. Who will ever forget those five hundred Wolf Cubs running in like so many ants in response to a solemn call? Who will forget the great March Past—the Dutch in their sabots, the Greeks dressed as Greeks dressed in the days of Socrates, the Red Indians that Drake and Raleigh would have recognised, and all those companies from all those countries standing in salute to the Chief Scout of the World?

Wonderful indeed it was to see these boys in the great arena, filling three or four stages at once. They came and went and did whatever they liked, and the thousands of people looking on seemed as nothing to all of them.

Slugs and Snails and Ponies

You looked in the middle of the arena, and 14 Nottinghamshire lads were giving the most amazing display of the elasticity and ingenuity of the human body that has even been seen in London, moving as one body, working together like a piece of intricate machinery. You looked at one end of the arena, and the Peterborough Rovers were building a bridge, built in a few minutes with logs and ropes, strong enough for an army to cross; you looked to the other end of the arena, where the Swedes were at their drill, and, lo! when your eyes came back the Rovers' bridge was down again.

These boys were just enjoying themselves; they were showing the world what a boy really is and what marvellous things he will do with his hands if you will leave him alone.

The Great and Solemn End

They had brought with them slugs and snails and tortoises, lions and jackals and little Iceland ponies, squirrels, foxes, horses, llamas, and, as if this living zoo were not enough, they trailed through the arena a sort of mighty brontosaurus, blown up like a concertina.

They raced around with two-wheeled carts, tearing them across nine-foot ditches and over eight-foot walls; they did it first in three minutes, then in two, then in something over one.

There was the smallest republic in the world pulling in a tug-of-war with the greatest republic in the world, and beating it; there were the jolliest obstacle races that anybody ever thought

Continued in the next column

THE COBBLER AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND

A TOUCHING story of a canary's funeral comes from Newark, in New Jersey. Jimmy, the cobbler's pet, was known to all the neighbourhood, and when he died his master draped and closed his shop, and took the dead bird, in a little coffin on a white hearse, to his allotment for burial, followed by a brass band of 15 Italians and 500 people on foot.

Emilio and his canary Jimmy have done something towards removing from the Italian race a long-standing reproach, and the farther the news of this friendly funeral travels the better, particularly in Italy, which has not a very good name for kindness to animals.

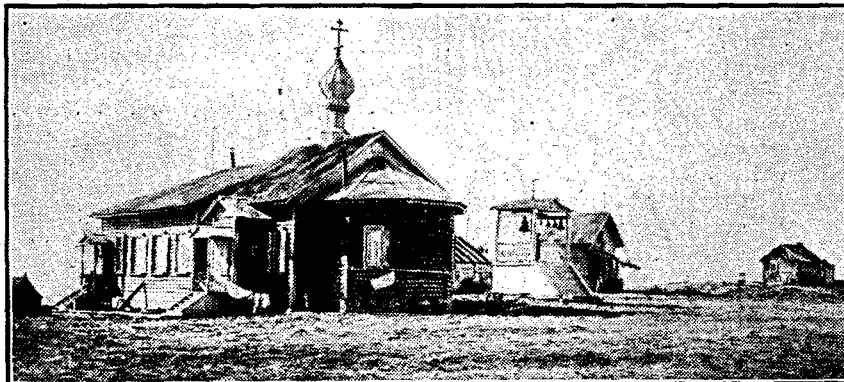
Emilio may not have known the fact that in his kind treatment of Jimmy he was following a distinguished lead

from a great countryman of his own. When Joseph Mazzini, who was the soul of the early movement for Italian freedom, now completely fulfilled, was languishing in prison as a danger to the State, before his banishment under pain of death, he kept himself calm and his nerves unstrained by two interests.

First, he could see the sea and the sky, the greatest of all symbols of freedom, and, secondly, he was visited, through his prison bars, by a chaffinch, whose confidence and affection he succeeded in gaining.

Afterwards, when he was free in London, though forbidden to set foot in Italy, Mazzini found a lasting joy in surrounding himself with birds in his room—not in cages, but free as far as the limits of his lodgings would allow.

THE ALL-QUIET CORNER OF RUSSIA



The town, showing the church, belfry, and house of the priest, who is also the governor



A Samoyede house in Nova Zembla, with sealskins drying in the rare summer sunshine. This remote Russian town of Nova Zembla, on the Kara Sea, lives quietly and apart, cut off from all the troubles of poor Russia. Its sixty Samoyede inhabitants earn a living by hunting and trapping

Continued from the previous column

out; there were Scouts lighting fires with sticks; there was football and drill and wrestling; there was singing and dancing and pageantry; there was all the wonder of the life of a boy wherever you find him.

And then there was that Saturday night when the Jamboree came to an end. A great and solemn time that was, for they made B. P. Chief Scout of all the World, and all the Cubs and Scouts and Rovers hailed him with poles up-lifted, scarves waving, hats spinning in the air, and a thunder of noise as if all the heavens had opened. And then the Chief Scout made a little speech. He spoke of the war and what it meant, he spoke of the Scouts and what they mean; and then he said:

Brother Scouts, I ask you to make a solemn choice. Differences exist between

the peoples of the world. Let us go forth from here determined to develop among ourselves such comradeship, through the world-wide Scout spirit of brotherhood, that may help happiness and goodwill to reign among men. Will you join in this high endeavour?

With a terrific shout of "Yes!" the Scouts of the world assured their Chief that they would keep the oath, and all the Chief Scout of the World could say was just "God bless you!"

They carried him shoulder-high before the Jamboree was over, and then they all went home, wondering why the politicians make such a fuss about the quarrels of people when there are so many things we love each other for, wondering why the grown-ups have made such a mess of the world in these days, when life should be one glorious Jamboree.

POLAND'S WAR THE GREAT DANGER TO EUROPE

How the Crisis Came About THE PENALTY OF IGNORING THE ALLIES

By Our Political Correspondent

The threat of a new war overshadows the world as we go to press with this number of the C.N. We do not believe that such a calamity can be allowed to overtake mankind, but we put on record here the facts concerning the grave situation that has arisen in Poland. Poland has been remade by the Allied Powers. Sympathy has flowed towards her from every quarter. Above all things what she required was to organise and establish herself in a state of peace. But, instead of doing that, she flung herself upon Russia in a wild attempt to extend her borders and become the master influence in lands that are not Polish. She defied the Allies and set at nought the advice of our British Prime Minister.

For this action of hers there has never been any serious defence. It was said she attacked Russia because Russia was preparing to attack her, and she seized the advantage of striking the first blow in a fight that was bound to come.

See-Saw Struggle

There has not been the least proof that the Poles were right in saying this, but all the evidence denies it. It was disproved by the complete unreadiness of the Russians to resist the Polish advance. That advance swept forward for 200 miles beyond the Polish frontier before the Russians could stop it. So far from the Russians being in a threatening position, they were for weeks at the mercy of the invading Poles.

On behalf of our country, the British Prime Minister gravely warned the Poles against what they were attempting, and told them they could not have British help in their offensive movement.

Every cool and disinterested observer knew that the Polish attack was as unwise as it was wrong. It was bound to lead to disaster in the end, for Russia, when united, has ten times the strength of Poland, and an invasion was certain to unite Russians, whatever they may think of the weird government that has seized power in their country.

Hopes of a General Peace

As was expected, the invading Poles have been driven out of Russia, and have been severely chastised; and now that they begin to feel themselves beaten and threatened in turn they look to the Allies for help. But so far the wrong that has been done has been done by Poland: why, then, should the Allies adopt the cause of Poland as their own?

Their only defence for doing that would be if Russia took steps unjust to Poland and injurious to the rest of Europe. But Russia has disowned such intentions, and declared that she would respect the independence of the Poles.

We can only hope, therefore, that a better understanding will come about, and that a conference of all the Powers will settle a general peace.

The Russian people have been our friends, and they are in a position of great difficulty. Our duty to them as a whole ought not to be obscured by our deep distrust of the little group of people who now hold power in Russia by force.

ONE INVENTION LEADS TO ANOTHER

Everybody is familiar with dried milk nowadays. The water is extracted from cow's milk, and the dried powder is sold ready to produce new milk when mixed with water again.

Quite recently the idea has been extended to fruit juices, and real lemon and orange juice is now being reduced to powder at a factory in California.

PONZI HOW HE MADE A FORTUNE OUT OF THE POOR

Waiter Who Remembered the International Threepenny-bit A FORGOTTEN SCRAP OF PAPER

Most people know Ponzi now. He is an Italian who is said to have been a waiter when he first went to the United States, and he has been making a huge fortune there, according to the American papers, in a way that has caused many who have read of it to say "How clever!"

But, ingenious as his method is, and extraordinarily interesting, is it to be admired as clever and worthy of imitation? Let us see.

Just now the value of each nation's money is up or down according as the people who have command of money, and deal largely in it, think each country's credit is good, indifferent, or bad. A shilling of one country may be worth only a penny in another country. In Austria money is cheapest; in America it is dearest.

Dear and Cheap Money

Now, clearly, if there had been an international coin that could have been bought cheaply in a country where money is cheap, and used in a country where money is dearer, it would have been easy to grow rich, say, by buying it in the cheap market and selling it in the dear.

But there is one token of value which remains steady, whatever may happen to a nation's money; it is something that few people seem to know about, and it may be called, perhaps, an international threepenny-bit.

The international threepenny-bit is really called the International Reply Coupon, by means of which you can send the cost of a reply stamp to a foreign country.

The Post Office Coupon

The nations have agreed to this post-office coupon for their own convenience, and it is a great help to those who write abroad and wish to prepay replies.

Suppose you wished to send a letter from Austria to someone in America and to prepay their reply. The Austrian stamp could not be used in America, but you could buy a reply coupon which the post office in America would exchange for a stamp. With English money in Vienna you could buy many times the number of stamps that the Austrian money would buy.

Now, apparently, Ponzi has been engaging people to buy up for him with good money all the reply coupons they could get in countries where the currency is low, and has been selling them where it is high. Do that hundreds of thousands of times and you make a fortune.

Making the Poor Poorer

That is how Ponzi is said to have made a great fortune and a reputation as a very clever man. But what is it that he has really done? That threepenny stamp, taking a reply letter with it, represents a certain amount of work which must be paid for by somebody.

In the end, when a settlement of liabilities for postage between nation and nation is made up, it is Austria who is responsible for selling the reply postage-stamps far below their international value, and she will have to pay for the work done in carrying the letters from continent to continent. She has sold that work below cost price, and will have to make up the difference.

So that Ponzi's cleverness, and the cleverness of the people who lend him their money to speculate with, amount to this—that he is taking advantage of the poorest people on earth, the most wretched victims of the war, to fill his own pockets with money without doing one stroke of useful work for it.

THE LOST FLEET Ships Too Dirty to Sleep In THE SLIPPERY SLOPE TO RUIN

When anyone grows reckless, and does not care what happens, they are said to have become demoralised. They have lost self-respect. Nothing can be much worse.

And that, according to the American naval commander, Admiral Sims, was what happened to the men of the German navy during the war, owing to inactivity, defeats, and hopelessness.

The worst signs of want of discipline and right feeling are slatternliness and dirt; and most of all is this true on ships, which are usually models of cleanness and neatness.

But the Germans brought their ships across the North Sea to give them up in

Chief Scout of all the World

This is how B.P. was made the Chief Scout of all the World. We take the account from the splendid report in the Daily Telegraph.

DESCENDING from the dais, the General stood at salute, and the whole vast audience rose to their feet while the flags were dipped and a huge laurel wreath was hoisted on the flagstaff in memory of the Scouts of all nations who fell in the war. The band then struck up "Auld Lang Syne."

In an instant the British lads had clasped hands. Seeing what their brothers were doing, and realising that it was good, the Malay boys took up the chain. From them it quickly ran to the scouts from Jamaica, and spread with lightning rapidity to all the boys in the arena. Not stopping there, it passed on to the audience.

Sir Robert stepped out towards the Royal box, when there broke out a thunder of cheering which swelled in volume with every second that passed. Caps and hats were being thrown into the air in a never-ending succession.

It was truly an extraordinary scene, and one that will live in the memory of all who were fortunate enough to witness it. It was through a tempestuous crowd that the Chief Scout, now of all the world, had to pass. In a moment he was swallowed up in the sea of excited boyhood.

such a filthy state that our men could not stop on board, because of the stench, till they had scrubbed and disinfected the ships for weeks.

What must have been the state of the men's minds for that to have happened on ships! There is teaching in it, too. The lesson is that slacking anywhere, in dress, cleanliness, speech, and duty, is the slippery slope to demoralisation.

BORN IN THE CLOUDS The Story of Four Kittens

An aeroplane in Texas brought down from the clouds four living creatures that it did not take up. It took up two cats and brought down six.

The machine was one of the Twelfth United States Aero Squadron, descending from El Paso, and it carried the cats as mascots. After a long flight it alighted at Nogales, in Arizona, and the cats were found with four kittens.

They are believed to be the first living creatures ever born in the air, and they must have been born at a height of about a mile while travelling over a hundred miles an hour.

£50,000 FROM 50 YEARS AGO

Rare Discovery in a Garret OLD STAMPS WITH A NEW VALUE

Many people have odd notions about used stamps. They think if they can collect a million something valuable will be given them. But the only used stamps worth money are those that are rare, and have historical association.

Of stamps of this kind a fine discovery has just been made in Philadelphia. There lived a Mr. William Meredith, Secretary to the Treasury, who had a fad for keeping all the letters he ever received. When he died they numbered many thousands, and were squeezed into half a dozen trunks, where they have remained packed away in a garret for over 50 years.

Now, on being turned out, there are found on the envelopes some stamps which can now be sold for as much as £500 apiece, and it would not be surprising if the present-day value of the rare stamps preserved in this hoarded correspondence amounts to £50,000.

The stamps go back to the days before the Government's issue of national stamps, when each city had its own specially designed issue, and stamp collectors will fight (or bid) for them down to their bottom dollar.

AEROPLANE RACE ROUND THE WORLD

The Next Great Flight

With the flight to Australia an accomplished fact, it was to be expected that the next great flight would be the encircling of the globe.

This is now being arranged by the Aero Club and the Aerial League of America, and it is to be flown as a race, with many machines competing for huge money prizes.

A commission has been formed to find the best route, and this is the way it is proposed to fly round the earth.

	Miles
New York to Seattle	2929
Seattle to Yokohama	5418
Yokohama to Bangkok	2095
Bangkok to Karachi	2563
Karachi to Bagdad	1632
Bagdad to Rome	1970
Rome to Irish coast	1528
Ireland to Newfoundland	1875
Newfoundland to New York	1125

In order to test this route, with a total distance of 21,135 miles, a Handley Page aeroplane, carrying ten passengers, is shortly to start from London and work round the other way.

WHEN TO BATHE And When Not to Bathe

By the Children's Doctor

It is generally agreed that bathing soon after a meal is bad. It is bad for various reasons.

In the first place, it gives additional work to the heart at a time when its free action is impeded by the pressure of undigested food.

In the second place, it cools the body at a time when heat should be helping the chemical processes of digestion.

In the third place, the reaction succeeding the cold brings blood to the surface at a time when, for digestive purposes, it should be in the digestive organs.

It is well, therefore, not to bathe till two hours after a meal.

To bathe immediately before a meal is also bad, because the blood brought to the skin by the cold takes some time to return to the digestive organs, and because the body takes some time to recover its heat.

It is well, therefore, not to take a meal till about an hour after bathing.

DO YOU WALK UNDER A LADDER?

Good and Bad Reasons for Doing the Same Thing

THE WISE PEOPLE WHO PASS ROUND

A grown-up newspaper has been writing about what it calls the ladder superstition—that is, the objection many people have to walking under a ladder propped against a wall.

The paper sent a reporter to a crowded thoroughfare in London to watch a ladder that stretched out far across the pavement, so that it was necessary to pass under it or to step off the path in going round it, and the reporter counted those who passed under and those who walked round. He found that out of fifty only twelve went under, and, reasoning from this, he wrote that "it can be assumed that four-fifths of Londoners are superstitious."

Now, the newspaper man may be right in what he says about the superstition of Londoners, but it is very unfair to arrive at such a conclusion merely from the fact that people walk round a ladder instead of under it.

The New Cricket Cap

While it is true that there is a stupid superstition about a ladder, some saying that a person who walks under will not be married for at least a year, yet there are good and wise reasons for going round instead of under a ladder.

The writer of this article, when a small boy, once walked under a ladder wearing a new cricket cap of which he was very proud, but, as he passed beneath, a painter up above dropped a spot of paint on the cap, and for ever ruined its beauty. It was a lesson not to pass under a ladder on which men are working.

Some time ago a workman let a hammer fall on the head of a person passing underneath, causing serious injuries; and a few years back a man was killed in the same way. Unlike most superstitions, therefore, the idea that it is unlucky to pass under a ladder has a real basis in common sense.

Of course, if the workmen are not on the ladder it does not matter so much, but it is wise to get into the habit of going round a ladder, rather than under it, not for any superstitious reason, but for safety's sake. Some of the people whom the reporter saw walk round may have been superstitious, but the majority may have wished to save their clothes from being spotted or their skulls from being cracked.

300 YEARS OLD

Oldest Parliament Overseas

The world learns much from centenaries. The last instance is the oldest parliament outside Great Britain. Which can it be?

It is the parliament of the Bermudas, which has existed since 1620, and so is celebrating its tercentenary.

The Bermudas are a group of islands, nearly all quite tiny, and together only about one-eighth as large as the smallest English county, Rutland.

They lie nearly 600 miles off the coast of the United States, and form the smallest and loveliest of the American dependencies of Great Britain. Their name is taken from the Spaniard who discovered them, Bermudes.

They were, however, first inhabited by Englishmen, 96 years after their discovery, and nine years later they were important enough to have a little parliament of their own. They were then known as the Somers Islands, from Sir George Somers, whose wreck on them led to their occupation.

Their population numbers about 22,000, one-third being white.

The islands serve New York with spring vegetables, much the same as the Channel Islands serve London.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Plant Which Catches
Insects

STOATS, WEASELS, AND POLECATS

By Our Country Correspondent

August 22. Weasels, stoats, and polecats should be looked for now. They are interesting creatures, and though they carry off young chickens they probably do more good than harm, for they destroy large numbers of rats and mice, which are the bane of the farmer's life.

August 23. Of all the moths the hawk-moths are the most interesting because of their attractive colouring and handsome appearance, together with the large size of most of them. Their caterpillars are also very large and showy. Some of the hawk-moths, like the poplar and eyed hawk, have second broods, and are now conspicuous.

August 24. The large, showy heads of the wild teasel now make a bold display in the waste places where they grow. Water collects in the hollows formed by the pairs of leaves uniting, and many insects which would otherwise climb up and steal the honey in the flowers are caught and drowned.

August 25. In the fields as the machines go round cutting the corn, many a startled rabbit and hare is set running for its life, and may be seen doubling backwards and forwards in its efforts to dodge the farmer's men.

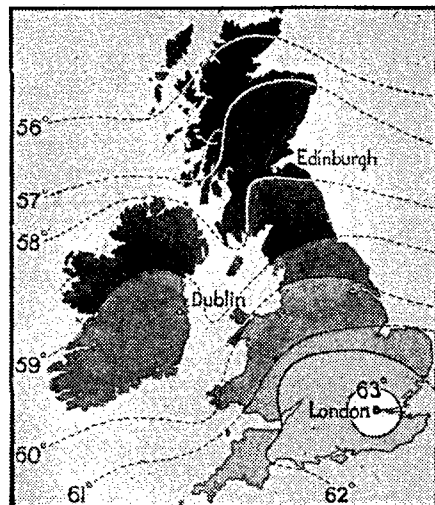
August 26. The purple emperor butterfly may still be seen flying in the southern and eastern counties of England, but it is not found north of the Humber. It flies about the tops of the oak trees, as a rule, but will come to the ground to settle on carrion.

August 27. The stone curlews are now beginning to get together in flocks, preparatory to leaving us for the winter, and their loud, tremulous clamour may be heard, generally at night.

August 28. A glorious wild nosegay may be gathered just now from the scores of flowers that are blooming. The gentian scabious, red poppy, and many others form an excellent combination, and a sprinkling of berries like those of the red bryony will lend variety.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Temperatures of August



This map shows in Fahrenheit degrees the average temperatures of August in the U.K.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Peas sown last month for the latest crop should be well mulched and watered. Tomatoes, placed against a wall should be kept nailed or stopped.

Shorten the shoots of laurels, hollies, and other evergreen shrubs that have grown too large for their position. Hoe and rake borders to keep weeds down.

Thin young shoots of raspberries, leaving from four to six of the strongest. After the crop is gathered from the bearing branches they should be cut.

THE PRINCE
MOST POPULAR VISITOR
AUSTRALIA EVER HADThe Good He Has Done for the
Flag

STRENGTHENING THE THRONE

By an Australian

When the Prince set out on his long journey to Australia every Australian knew he would receive a warm and generous welcome from the people of the Commonwealth, but few were prepared for the wonderful scenes of enthusiasm that have made his tour so memorable.

No visitor to Australia has ever before received such a welcome; Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart have each tried to outdo the other in entertaining him. Hundreds of thousands have stood for hours waiting to see him pass, and in the country districts every little bush station through which his train has gone has been thronged with folks from the "back-blocks," all anxious to catch a glimpse of him.

Welcome of the Children

Settlers and gangers working on the line have cheered him on his way, and everywhere the children came out in tens of thousands and gave him such a welcome as only children can give—a welcome whose memory will last long after most of the other incidents of his journey have been forgotten.

What are the reasons for the affection in which Australia holds the Prince? What does his reception mean? An Australian who believes he knows his country will try to give the answer.

Australia welcomes the Prince first and foremost for himself, because his personality appeals to its imagination. The working men and women of Australia have seen him; they have noticed his thought for others, his chivalry, his sympathy for those maimed by the war and for the widows and orphans of the fallen; they have judged him by their own simple tests, not as a prince but as a man, and in their eyes he has satisfied the tests of manhood, and so has added another strand to the ties that bind Australia to the Motherland.

Australia's Ambassador

But this is not all. He has made Australians understand better than they understood before what the monarchy stands for in the fabric of the Empire. He has made them realise that the King has a definite place in our constitution, and that he rules as a constitutional monarch, the servant of his elected ministers.

The great service the Prince has accomplished for the Empire is that he has brought home to Australia this conception of kingship, and immensely strengthened the constitutional position of the throne.

And Australia's welcome to the Prince is also an expression of its national gratitude to the Motherland for the sacrifices she has made and the blood and treasure she has poured out during these terrible years. Australia would long since have been a German colony but for the British Fleet, and more and more Australians realised that as each act of the tremendous drama of Armageddon unfolded itself. The Prince went out as the ambassador of the Motherland to Australia; he will return as Australia's ambassador to England, bearing a message of gratitude to a mother from her children.

THE BIGGEST STEEL FURNACE

The Ebbw Vale Company in South Wales claim that they now have the biggest blast furnace in the world. They expect to make 3000 tons of steel weekly.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

Of What Use is the Fly?

The common fly is of use as a destroyer of garbage in the wilds. It is of no use, but a grave danger to health, in and about the dwellings of mankind.

How Long Does a Brown Owl Live?

Not five minutes if ignorant game-keepers have their way; 50 years and more if Nature is allowed to follow her course. As rat-catchers they are beyond price.

Are Swans Dangerous Birds?

In the nesting season swans are as fierce birds as any we have. The wings are their weapons, and blows from these can stun a child and break a man's arm.

How do Lobsters Change Their Shells?

At the right time the flesh of the lobster becomes watery and soft, so that the limbs can be withdrawn from the claws, and the lobster leaves its shell, enclosed only in an enveloping membrane. Then it hides until a new shell grows upon it.

How Many British Butterflies are There?

We have about 60 species of British butterflies, divided into six families. British moths are infinitely more numerous than our butterflies, numbering quite 1500 species.

How Do Plants Climb?

Blackberries climb along the ground, or up perpendicular growths, by means of hook-like thorns. Peas attach themselves by tendrils. Runner beans and hops fold themselves round and round a support. Ivy attaches itself by little hair-like rootlets springing from its branches; Virginia creeper by sucker-pad growths.

How Do Tadpoles Get Into a High Tank?

The tank in question is said to be cleaned out twice yearly. If so, the task cannot be thoroughly done. Frogs reach the tank by some means. They lay their eggs in the spring, and the tadpoles found must result from the one spawning—unless someone puts them there secretly and in instalments.

The writer has even found frog-spawn in the gully formed where the lowest edges of the roofs of adjoining conservatories met.

Why Do Snails Travel In Processions?

A correspondent saw groups of them going from west to east for a distance of about four miles. Hundreds of such instances are recorded, though not this uniformity of direction.

It means that multitudes of snails occupy the area named, and probably rain, which calls them from fasting induced by drought, had summoned them all out to feed. Such sights make many people believe that myriads of snails have come with the rain!

Will a White Sweet Pea Grown Under Blue Glass be Blue?

No; we may spoil the colours of flowers by shutting out light, but we cannot possibly give them new colours by such means.

A white flower might appear blue under rays passing through blue glass, as the stones of a church present the colours of the rainbow when sunlight streams through the stained glass windows; but the colour of the flower is as unchanged as that of the chancel.

Will Man Become Extinct Before Other Animals?

Man domesticates animals and creates conditions in which they can live. If something happened making animal life impossible, then man, too, would die, for unless human invention raises us beyond all present dreams, we shall still need animals for service and food.

But man should survive longest, because he remembers the lessons of yesterday and provides for tomorrow.

COMING OF VENUS

AND THE PASSING OF
SATURNPlanet that will Fall Behind the
SunMYSTERIES OF A DAZZLING
WORLD

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Saturn and Venus will be in conjunction on Sunday night—which means that from our point of view in space, they approach each other so nearly that they appear to meet. It means, too, the passing from view of Saturn and the coming of the resplendent Venus, who will be the glory of the western sky through the coming autumn and winter, and far into next spring.

Venus has now begun to repeat her rapid race after the Earth, described in the first number of the C.N., and we have next week an opportunity of getting our first glimpse of this beautiful planet. She will be found very low down and slightly to the north of due west soon after sunset, and for about half an hour afterwards.

Saturn is travelling in the opposite direction, and each evening appears to sink farther into the sunset glow. He is not racing after the Earth; it is we who are leaving him behind, and he will soon pass far beyond our sight, and behind the Sun—just about a thousand million miles away.

Seeing the Edge of the Rings

At the time of conjunction Saturn will be less than the Moon's apparent width away from, and to the north of, Venus, which will be much the brighter of the two; but a clear sky and an unobstructed view down to the western horizon are necessary to the observer.

Saturn just now appears a very unique world indeed, for we are looking upon his wonderful rings from such a viewpoint that we see them edgewise. Indeed, Saturn resembles a ball with a bodkin through it, the ends projecting for about two-thirds of the ball's width, while beyond extend his moons almost in a straight line, like luminous beads, at intervals, on an invisible thread.

The weird scene, like a world with a brilliant bodkin through it, is quite unlike anything else in the Universe. Towards the end of the year even the bodkin will vanish, and Saturn will appear in the morning sky bereft of his rings and shorn of his glory.

Venus, so beautiful to the eye, is unfortunately too beautiful for astronomers; her lustre when seen through a telescope is so dazzling that the use of tinted glasses, unless a thin film of cloud happens to cover her, is needed.

How Fast Does Venus Spin?

Through this difficulty Venus has become a bone of contention among astronomers, so difficult is it to make out any definite and fixed details. The planet appears a mass of brilliant clouds, and it is impossible to decide whether she spins round 220 times in the course of her year, or only once.

There is evidence both for and against, but if Venus turns only once in her year then she must always turn the same face to the Sun as the Moon does to the Earth; in which case her sunlit face must get considerably scorched, while the other side is doomed to perpetual night and frozen solitudes. If this is so we are driven to conclude that Venus is a lonely, moonless world, half-baked and half frozen, and thus uninhabited.

Fortunately, there is much to be said for the other side of the question, and Venus may be a world as beautiful as our own.

G. F. M.

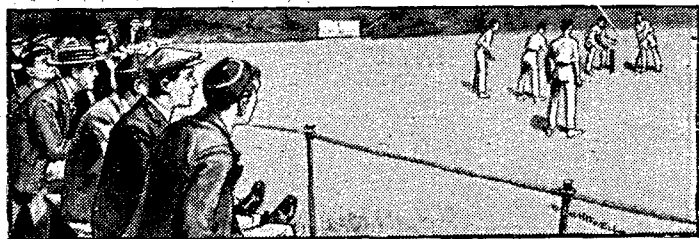
SEAMEN'S WAY TO END WAR

The Seamen's Union of Australia is suggesting an international conference of seamen to frame a policy for making war impossible by refusing to support war become imminent, to man the ships.

THE MYSTERY MAN

A Thrilling Tale of Play and Adventure at Claycroft School

: : Told by
T. C. Bridges



CHAPTER 25 The Dead Man's Hand

NEITHER of the boys spoke; they had no breath to do so. Both tugged and strained at the oars, hoping against hope to keep the dinghy inside the bay until the first fury of the storm passed.

But the storm showed no sign of passing. True, the lightning became somewhat less vivid, while the thunder did not roar so loudly. But the wind blew as hard as ever, and, as they were driven farther out from the land, the sea got up and the short waves began to beat over the dinghy.

Rain and spray dashed over them with blinding fury, and, struggle as they might, the shore grew more and more distant.

Nettles glanced back over his shoulder, and through the haze of driving rain saw figures racing along the beach under the cliff.

"They've seen us!" he shouted to Paddy.

Paddy did not answer. His face was white with strain. Nettles saw that he was pretty near the end of his tether. He himself felt that he would not be able to last much longer.

The bow of the dinghy was pointed straight for land, but the weight of wind and tide combined was forcing her steadily away from the beach, and every moment the mouth of the bay showed nearer. Outside was open sea with steep, white-capped combers in which no open boat, let alone this little dinghy, could live for a single minute. She would fill and swamp at once.

Cold despair crept into Nettles' heart. He was tempted to give up the unequal struggle, and let everything go. All his efforts and those of Paddy could only serve to put off for a few minutes the inevitable end of them both.

Yet, in spite of the hopeless outlook, he would not give up. Something within him told him that it would be cowardly. Paddy, too, stuck to his oar like grim death.

Another five minutes passed. To the two boys it seemed like five hours. They were now so close to the mouth of the bay that another minute at most would see them outside, and beyond the protection afforded by the northern point of cliff.

And still the wind howled with the same cruel force, while the great mass of cloud overhead was unbroken by a single rift of light.

Without the slightest warning the wind dropped.

For the moment Nettles could hardly believe his senses. Then he heard Paddy behind him give a sort of croak of delight.

"We're saved! We're saved!" he gasped.

Nettles looked once more at the sky. There was not the sign of a break, yet wind and rain alike had been cut off with miraculous suddenness.

"Pull, Paddy!" he panted. "It's only a lull. I don't believe it's over yet."

He was right. Next moment back came the wind with a force fit to take the breath out of their bodies. Only now it was not off the land, but the sea. It had swung right round,

and was blowing almost from the opposite direction—almost, but not quite, for now it was from the south-east.

Just at first Nettles did not realise this. He was only conscious of the fact that instead of being blown out to sea they were being driven landwards again.

"What luck!" he cried. "What luck, Paddy!"

But Paddy saw more than Nettles.

"'Tis from the south-east, Nettles. 'Tis blowing us into the Point there. We'll need to pull across it."

Next minute the two were pulling again as hard as ever. If the old danger had been that of being blown out to sea, the new one was just as terrible, for now the dinghy was being driven straight upon an ugly reef which stretched like a vast claw out from the inner edge of the northern cliff.

Five separate lines of weed-clad crags were plainly visible amid the tossing foam, and the reef, though the two boys did not know this, bore the ugly name of the Dead Man's Hand.

The rain had ceased, and the air had cleared, but the wind blew even harder than before; and, pull as hard as they liked, they could not keep the dinghy on her course.

What they were striving to do was to gain the spot from which they had started, but the whole weight of the wind was on the beam, and the dinghy's high side caught it so that she drifted two yards to leeward for every one she went forward.

"Turn her!" cried Nettles at last. "Turn her with her bow to the wind. It's our only chance."

They did so, but only to find that they were too late. They were now within less than one hundred yards of those claw-like points of rock, and almost within their deadly embrace.

They continued to pull for their very lives, but although they were so close to the shore their task seemed to be a hopeless one, and they began to think that they would never reach the shore.

The waves raised by the new gale were rolling straight in from the open sea, and were already so high that the dinghy was tossed on top of each like a cork, and rowing was almost impossible.

As the two now sat, the reef and the beach behind it were in full view, and now Nettles saw half a dozen people standing just on the edge of the breaking surf and helplessly watching the doomed boat driving shorewards.

There was Captain Gunn's tall, gaunt figure; there was Dan Cosby, and Tom with him.

Nettles became aware that Dan was signalling—waving his arms.

"Paddy," he cried, "Dan's beckoning us to come right in."

"But we'll be smashed—smashed on them rocks!" gasped back Paddy.

"The others are worse—the ones below and above. There's a sort of bay between those two fingers. Turn her round, Paddy. We must try for it. It's our only chance."

"As ye say," answered Paddy breathlessly.

In the sea that was running the turning of the boat was a fearful

risk, and but for Nettles' smartness he would certainly have swamped. As it was, a sea broke and filled her nearly a quarter full. But she was a stout little craft, and floated well. Next instant, with the wind behind her, she was dashing shorewards, dashing, however, to apparent destruction on the great rock fangs which showed their ugly heads above the welter of seething foam.

CHAPTER 26 Mansford Watches

"THEY'VE done it! They're round! They're coming straight in!"

Dan Cosby's voice was bull-like above the shriek of the gale, and his sea-blue eyes were lit with a blaze of excitement.

"But the reef, man!" cried Captain Gunn. "The reef! The boat will be smashed to atoms before she reaches the beach, and what chance will the poor lads have in that cauldron of boiling surf?"

"It's bad. It's bad, I'll allow," Dan answered. "But 'tis their only chance, captain. The rocks opposite are close to the shore and lower than the rest. With luck she'll wash clean over them. Then we'll be ready."

"Put the rope round me, Tom," he added.

"Let me go, father," begged Tom.

"No. You're not heavy enough. This is a man's job, Tom. Quick, now."

With quick, sailor-like skill, Tom knotted the stout rope around his father's waist, and the fine old fisherman, in his huge sea boots and thick knitted jersey, strode down into the waves that pounded on the sand. Behind him, with the rope held hard in his great, powerful hands, was Captain Gunn, and, ten feet behind him, Tom.

The shoreward end was held by two of the local fishermen. The sixth and last person on the beach was Mansford, who had been caught by the storm and had taken refuge in Hearne's cottage. It was the sight of the boat in distress that had brought him down to the beach.

None of them noticed him. All eyes were on the boat which was rushing in with tremendous speed. Now it was flung up on top of a curling wave, then hidden in the deep trough.

Tom, as he watched, felt almost sick with anxiety. Never until now had he come to know how much Nettles and Paddy meant to him.

Raised high on a foaming crest the little boat came rushing clean over the first line of rocks. Then she dropped into a hollow, hidden in a haze of flying foam.

Up again. Tom's heart was in his mouth. She was now within two lengths of the second and last line of rocks. Tom longed to rush forward, yet knew he must wait for his father. Dan's knowledge of this coast and its sea was unequalled in Marsea.

Up came the dinghy once more. "Now!" roared Dan, and plunged forward.

Down came the dinghy. There was a crash heard even above the roar of wave and wind. The little boat had struck the inner reef, and in an instant was nothing but a medley of broken planks.

Dan made a rush. For a moment he was out of sight, smothered under a curling wave. The rope tightened. Tom, waist-deep himself, drove his heels into the sand and held on like grim death.

The wave went roaring out, and Tom, if he had had any breath left, would have yelled with joy. For there he saw his father with Nettles, while Captain Gunn had Paddy in his great grip.

"Back afore the next wave comes!" shouted the men on the beach. The rope tightened, Tom flung his weight back, and up they came. Before the next roaring comber came smashing on the beach all were safe beyond its rage.

"That was fine!" cried Captain Gunn in his great voice, as he dropped Paddy to his feet. "How's Nettles?"

"All right, sir," panted Nettles, sweeping the salt water from his eyes. "Mr. Cosby got me almost before I went under."

"He's a wonder," declared the captain. "How did you do it, Dan?"

"Knowned the place, sir. It was the very spot as the boat from the Carnforth came ashore more'n fourteen year ago. That there nearest rock breaks the force of the waves. That's how I came to be able to go in so deep."

"The Carnforth!" exclaimed Captain Gunn, in a voice that was suddenly sharp and hoarse. "You don't mean she was wrecked here?"

"Ay, that she was, sir. A terrible business. There was only one saved, and I were the one who got him."

"Who was that?" demanded the captain.

"Why, Tom there. I thought everyone knowed."

"Then he is not your own son?"

"My adopted son. Never knowed his real name, and he were too small to talk. So I 'dopted him, and he've been a good son to me ever since."

Mansford, who had come close up, saw Captain Gunn stagger slightly, while the colour drained out of his sun-tanned face. Mark stood listening tensely for what would come next.

He was disappointed. With a great effort Captain Gunn pulled himself together. He caught Nettles by the arm.

"Run, boy, run! We must get back and change our clothes."

They all ran down the beach, back towards Dan's cottage.

Mansford stood watching them with a curious expression on his face.

"It all fits in," he said to himself. "It all fits in with what old Hearne told me. The chap's not old Dan's son. The question is, who's his father? That's what I've got to find out."

He walked away, and climbed a path leading up the cliffs. He went slowly, frowning as if in deep thought. At the top of the cliff he paused, and stood staring after Captain Gunn, who was still in sight on the beach below.

"But what made him look so funny?" he asked himself. "Why did he start, and go so pale? Seems as if he knew something about it."

He paused again, then seemed to make up his mind, and started back toward Claycroft.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Stranger

IT was a fine, bright morning in May. From where he sat on the stone steps beside his old boat Charlie Peters could see some one approaching along the beach.

The man was well-dressed and carried in his hand a brown leather portmanteau. He appeared to be in a hurry, and as he advanced looked back frequently over his shoulder.

Charlie hoped that he might want to cross to the other side of the river, and that the toll would be a generous one.

Few passengers crossed at this particular spot, which was perhaps the reason why Charlie, a boy of fifteen, had the ferry to himself.

For some days now there had been little doing, and small, indeed, had been the sum he had been enabled to take home.

"Is there a boatman here, boy, who can row me over?"

"I can take you, sir," Charlie said eagerly.

The stranger looked doubtfully at the old boat.

"How far is it across?"

"About a quarter of a mile, sir."

"I'm in a great hurry!"

The man looked over his shoulder as he spoke.

"Jump in; I'll do my best, sir." Charlie pushed the boat into the water as he spoke. "Be careful, sir, it's very deep here."

The stranger seated himself, placing the brown bag carefully between his feet.

"I'll give you a sovereign when you land me safely on the other side."

Charlie grasped the oars and turned the boat's head round.

At that moment there came a sound of voices and a clattering of feet from the direction of the village.

"Someone else wants to come," said Charlie.

"Row!" commanded the stranger. "Row!" He drew a revolver from his pocket, and levelled it at Charlie as he spoke.

"Stop!" On the bank stood William Walker, the village constable. "Come back! In the name of the Law!"

They had drifted some twenty feet from the shore. Charlie's predicament was indeed a terrible one. On the one hand, he must disobey the Law in the person of William Walker, or run the risk of being shot by the man opposite.

The boy thought quickly.

Watched narrowly by the stranger, he grasped the oars in his hands, and, all unseen, with his bare toes, withdrew the plug from the bottom of the boat. At once it began to sink in twenty feet of water.

Gripping the bag as the boat went down, Charlie struck out for the shore.

Five minutes afterwards, very wet, very crestfallen, the thief—for thief he was—was pulled ashore, and delivered into the arms of the Law.

The Best Fairy Stories

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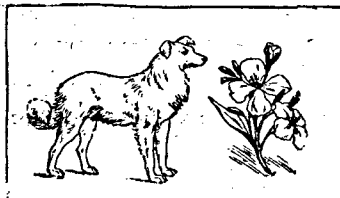
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Time, Old Time, Now Laugh Away, All the World's a Holiday

DI MERRYMAN

"WHAT do you work at, my man?" asked the benevolent old lady of the tramp.
"At intervals, lady," replied the weary one.

What Plant Is This?



Do you know what British plant this picture represents? Solution next week

A Queer Dictionary

A queer dictionary could be compiled of words and their meanings as given by boys and girls at school in the course of their lessons. These are some actual definitions collected from various schools:

ALIAS, a good man in the Bible.
Ammonia, the food of the gods.
Emolument, the headstone of a grave.
Equestrian, one who asks questions.
Idolater, a very idol person.
Irrigate, to make fun of.
Mendacious, that which can be mended.
Parasite, a kind of umbrella.
Tenacious, ten acres of land.

Look the words up in the dictionary and you will see their real meanings.

A Misunderstanding

MR. JONES was out for a walk when he met Mr. Brown with his dog, which promptly attacked Mr. Jones. It was with considerable difficulty that the dog was prevented from doing harm.

Meeting Mr. Brown a day or two later, Mr. Jones asked, "How's your dog?"

"I have," replied Mr. Brown. What did he mean?

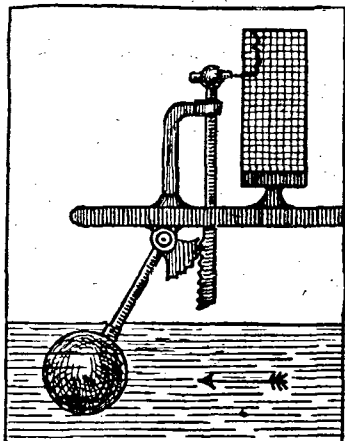
Solution next week

The Moon and the Weather

THE moon and the weather
May change together;
But change of the moon
Does not change the weather.
If we'd no moon at all,
And that may seem strange,
We still should have weather
That's subject to change.

PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How Is the Speed of a River Measured?



A floating ball is driven forward by the current and moves an upright rod to which a pencil is attached. The pencil makes a record on a chart.

Word Puzzle

A WORD of three syllables, reader, now find
That holds the whole twenty-six letters combined. Answer next week

The Choice Flower

A COUNTRY nurseryman made a large amount of money by selling a simple little flower which he advertised as the *Rhodum sidus*. The name proved particularly attractive and resulted in a big business.

One day a botanist who was shown the new flower by an admiring lady friend noticed that it was nothing more than an ordinary familiar weed, common throughout the countryside. He wrote and asked the nurseryman where he had obtained the name by which he sold it, and in reply received a postcard with the words:

"I found this flower in the road beside us,
So christened it the *Rhodum sidus*."

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star!

SCINTILLATE, scintillate, globule vivific,
Fain would I fathom thy glory specific,
Loftily poised above the capacious,
Closely resembling a gem carbonaceous.

A Little French Made Easy



Le drap La couver- La balançoire
ture

Le vent fera sécher le drap
On met des couvertures sur le lit
La fillette adore sa balançoire



La jetée Le coquillicot La trompette
Le bateau approche de la jetée
Il y a des coquillicots dans le blé
On lui a donné une belle trompette

WHY is a moth flying round a candle like a five-bar gate?
Because if it keeps on its hinges it swings. (If it keeps on it sings its wings.)

Do You Live in Bedfordshire?

BEDFORDSHIRE is the shire, or county, of Bedford, which means the ford of Boeda. No doubt there was a ford over the Ouse which was controlled by a chief named Boeda, and the place came to be associated with his name. It was formerly spelt Beadoford scire.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Question Box

1. Now, I think. 2. No, with ink.
3. With no kin. 4. Hint, I know.
5. Think I won.

A Picture Lesson in Geography
The village was Bunny.

Notes and Queries

What do meum and tuum mean? These are simply the Latin words for mine and thine.

What is the Ordnance Survey? The Ordnance Survey is a survey of the United Kingdom performed by officers and men of the Royal Engineers. The name Ordnance was given because the survey was originally for ordnance, or military, purposes.

What are Zionists? Zionists are Jews who support the great ideal of the revival of the Jewish national spirit, and the return of the Jewish race to their ancient home in the Holy Land.

What is the Caliphate? The Caliphate is the office held by the official successors of Mohammed—in recent times the Sultans of Turkey.

The Adventures of Jerry

TOLD BY MARGARET LILLIE

CHAPTER 16

THE fire and the warm milk sent Jerry to sleep. He woke up again to hear Mr. Stephen say, "I have sent off the telegram. I hope his clothes are dry."

And Susan answered, "Quite," and she laid a little bundle on the table. "Time enough to wake him when his mother comes." And then they both went out of the room, never dreaming that he could hear them.

Jerry opened his eyes. So they had found out all about him, and his adventure was coming to an end. Well, it shouldn't.



"I can't go another step!" said Jerry

He jumped up, hurried into his things, and ran out, the animals after him, into the road. On and on he ran till his poor legs wouldn't carry him any farther, and at last he sank down, panting for breath, by the roadside.

"I can't go another step," he said. "My legs ache, and so does my head. I can't think what is the matter with me."

Poor Jerry! He had taken a chill, and what he wanted was his own little bed and his mummy to tuck him up snug.

To make matters worse, it began to rain; and it rained so hard that he had to seek shelter. He got up and walked slowly on. A little way along the road, in front of a lonely house, a motor-car was standing. Jerry went up to it, and, thinking that here, at any rate, it would be warm and dry, he pushed open the door and jumped in.

And then he gave a little startled cry.

More of Jerry next week

Jacko Goes Prawning

JACKO had had a jolly morning by the sea. He had discovered that there were quite a lot of prawns in the pools when the tide went out, and that with a net and a fair amount of patience you could get a very creditable haul.

"I'll give them a surprise for tea," he said to himself, and, indeed, in an hour he had got the best part of a hundred prawns.

As he was turning to go home, he caught sight of a fine lobster. "My luck's in!" he cried, and in a twinkling that lobster was a prisoner in his Sunday-best pocket-handkerchief.

He carried it home, and hid it, with the prawns, under the kitchen table. Just then his mother called him.

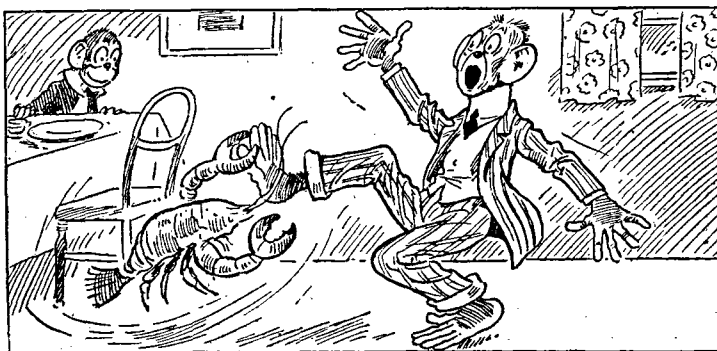
"Jacko! Jacko!" she cried, "there's a circus in the town. Would you like to go to it?"

Would he not! He was off like the wind, and the prawns, and his surprise, went clean out of his mind.

He never gave them another thought till he sat down to tea hours later, and kicked the basket with his foot.

There was the basket just as he had left it, and there was the lobster, too. But it had fought its way out of his handkerchief and was crawling about the floor.

Jacko noticed something else. Brother Adolphus had kicked off his shoe, and the lobster was making his way slowly towards his foot. Jacko grinned and watched. Suddenly there was a shout, and there was his big brother hopping madly round the room with the lobster firmly fixed to his toe.



The lobster was firmly fixed to his toe

Who Was He?

The Great Wise Man

VERY often those boys and girls whose parents are poorest work hardest at school, and a young Italian who was born in the same year as Shakespeare and had few advantages in the way of early education made such good use of these few advantages that he became one of the greatest men of all time.

When he was nineteen his father sent him to the University of Pisa, intending to make him a doctor; but the youth loved mathematics better than medicine, and his father allowed him to follow his inclination.

One day in the cathedral at Pisa he saw a lamp swinging, and from that simple incident he worked out a great scientific fact till then unknown. He read a paper on a scientific subject, and this was so good that he was appointed mathematical lecturer in the university.

And now began his troubles. He was a genius at discovering facts hitherto unknown, and, as his one desire was to spread the truth, he announced his discoveries. Among other things he pointed out that great and small bodies fall with equal speed, and when this was disbelieved proved it by dropping things together from the top of the leaning tower of Pisa.

But men do not like to unlearn old errors, and so this young scientist soon made many enemies. He had to resign his post at Pisa, and then became professor at Padua University.

Here he invented many scientific instruments, and made a telescope out of an old organ pipe and two spectacle lenses. It was not the first telescope, but it was the best that had been seen. Later he made a still better one, and then began a series of discoveries in astronomy which changed men's thinking.

Those were days, however, in which it was dangerous to make discoveries. The wise man was summoned to Rome and tried. Some say that he was tortured, but probably this is not the truth.

The only way he could escape, however, was to say that what he had been teaching and the discoveries he had made were false. We must not blame him too severely, for they were perilous times for truth-seekers.

His enemies were delighted at their triumph, and published his recantation everywhere; but now they are forgotten, and the old man's name is one of the greatest in the world's roll of fame. He made other discoveries, and then became blind, and finally died at the age of 78. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Last Week's Name—Queen Elizabeth of York

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 21, 1920

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SCHOOL IN A PILL-BOX · CYCLING ON THE SEA · THE PRINCE'S NEW PET



Setting their Watches Right—A Government expert correcting watches in the streets of Tokio on Correct Time Day, which is observed all over Japan



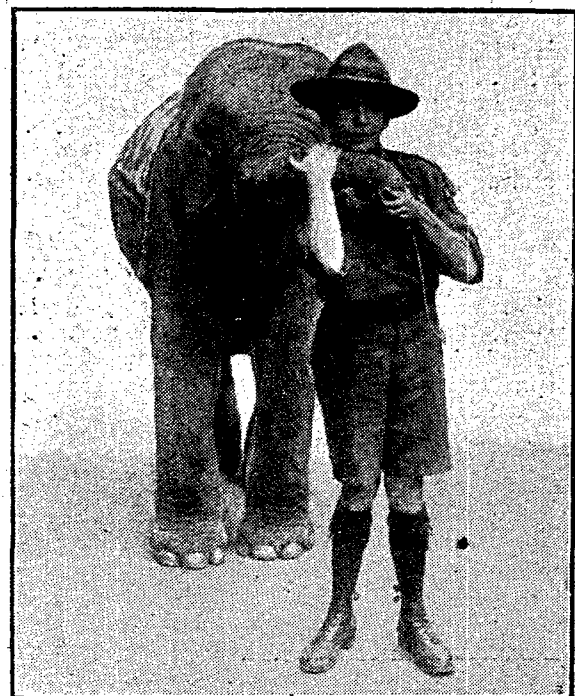
New Way of Going to France—Miss Zetta Hills taking a trial spin at Folkestone on the water-cycle on which she hopes to cross the English Channel. Floats keep the cycle upright



School in a Pill-Box—Boys at a summer camp in Lincolnshire enjoying themselves in a disused pill-box fort. They have four hours' schooling daily



By Caravan Through Europe—Captain Baker and his party with the caravan in which they have started to tour Europe. The caravan is built of surplus aeroplane material



Carrying His Trunk—This boy scout at the Jamboree is doing his kind action for the day—carrying the elephant's trunk for him



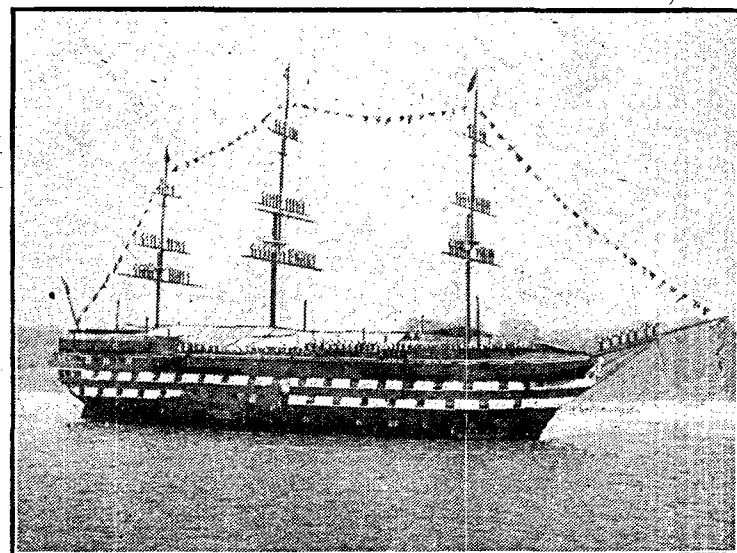
The Prince's New Pet—The Prince of Wales with the tiny kangaroo which was presented to him by enthusiastic admirers at Sassafra



Battered in the Storm—A heavy locomotive in Canada after it had fought its way through a fierce thunder-storm. The engine and tender were jammed together



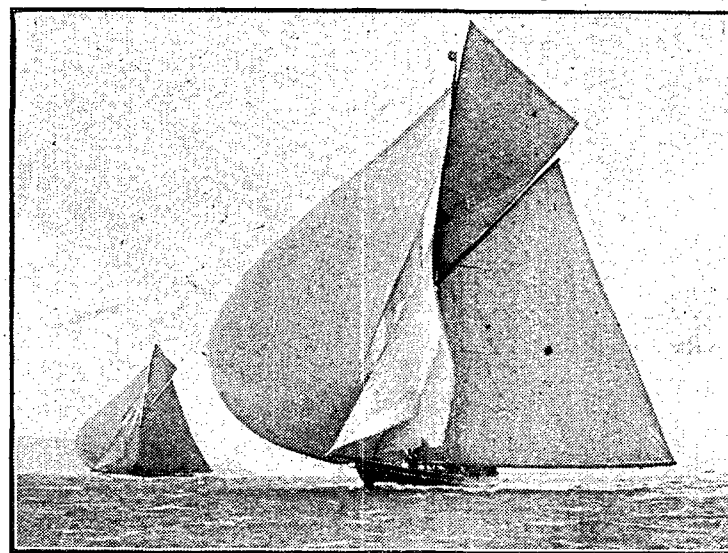
New Monster at the Zoo—This is the new bird-eating spider from Bolivia which has just arrived at the London Zoo. It is as big as a man's fist



Manning the Yards—Boys of the training-ship Worcester, in the Thames, manning the yards in honour of the Lord Mayor of London's visit to distribute prizes



The Dutch scouts at the Jamboree solving the transport problem



With all Sails Spread—The King's yacht, Britannia, leading in the handicap race at the Cowes Regatta. The King was on board during several of the races